Vol. CXXVII. No. 1649.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe STANDARDS do!

THE BYSTANDER. JULY 24, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

SPORT GOSSIP STAGE GOLF SOCIETY FILMS RACING FASHIONS

1/=

SPECIAL SHOOTING SECTION

JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

DON'T allow yourself to get "jumpy" and depressed. A couple of Genasprin Tablets will soothe those nerves, ease aches and pains, and do it quickly, without harmful results.

FOR "NERVES" GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND

Ask for a 'Patz'

UNIQUE IN FLAVOUR AND TONIC PROPERTIES

PATZENHOFER

Genuine Lager—True to its Origin

World's record sale 88,000,000 gallons

From Hotels, Clubs Wine Merchants etc., or if any difficulty apply to:—

JOHN C. NUSSLE & CO., LTD., 8, Cross Lane, LONDON, E.C.3.

Telephone: MANSION HOUSE 9378 (2 lines).

By Appointment.

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED, LONDON.

DINNEFORD'S

Pure Fluid Magnesia

Nothing else will keep you WELL so well

PRICE ONE SHILLING

BRITISH HOTELS

SPEND A HOLIDAY AT THE
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

One would imagine that staying at this famous hotel, which has numbered kings amongst its guests, would be excessively expensive—whereas really it is very reasonable. A week at this luxury hotel with its far-famed service and cuisine, its sheltered position, and its unrivalled sun-lounge can cost you as little as 4½ guineas, inclusive. 100 bedrooms with hot and cold water and radiators, garage, lift.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

England's most beautiful holiday-land — the Lake District. Its leading Hotel —
THE KESWICK
at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER.
Illustrated tariff from J. & M. Wivell & Son, *Proprietors.*

THE OLD MILL
West Harnham, Salisbury. *Five minutes from the Cathedral by car.*
Historic XIII Century Building.
Open every day, including Sundays. OLD ENGLISH DISHES.
LARGE COUNTRIFIED BEDROOMS. SPECIAL CANDLE LIGHT SUPPERS.
The Beauty Spot of Salisbury.
Riding. River Bathing. Patronised by Celebrated Artists and Men of Letters.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

When in Paris, don't get homesick
for a real British bar—just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, rue Pierre Charron, in the Champs-Elysées quarter, and you'll think you have crossed the Channel! Cheerio and all that. Moderate prices too. Remember the name:
ASCOT

ÉTRETAT. GOLF HOTELS.
Facing Sea. Open all year. All comfort. 120 rooms. Famous cuisine. Prices reduced to meet the pound. Apply to B, Golf Hotels.

JUAN-LES-PINS
The Smartest Beach of All.
Flowers. — Sun. — Sports.
An Ideal Holiday at
"LE PROVENÇAL"
300 Rooms — 250 Baths.
Special low rates to meet present conditions.
— CASINO. —

OSTEND
HOTEL DE LA PLAGE
Open June to September.
Full board from 15/- daily.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to: PARIS OFFICE: 65-67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States. BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein. — **"Der Kaiserhof."** — The Hotel of distinction, comfort, perf. service. Unrivalled position in own vast park.

Salzburg.—**Grand Hotel de l'Europe.**—The leading Hotel, situated in its own extensive Park. Every comfort.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute. — **Palace Hotel.** — Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Add.: Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—**Grand Hotel Britannique.**—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park, Garage, Tennis. R.A.C. From 12/6.

FRANCE.

Paris. — **Hotel Lutetia.** — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Biarritz.—**Hotel Le Sahel.**—All comfort. Restaurant facing sea. First-class cuisine. Pens. from 60-80 Frs.

Cannes.—Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—**Golf Hotel.**—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel Regina.**—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat. — **Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.** — Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

Saint-Jean-De-Luz.—**Golf Hotel.**—Best position facing sea and mountains. Reduced rates.

Versailles.—**"Le Home Versaillais,"** 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Berlin. — **Hotel Alhambra.** — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Atlantic.**—Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—**Badhotel Badischer Hof.**—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Europe.**—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden. — **Hotel Frankfurter Hof.** Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—**Golf Hotel.**—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes.) Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—**Holland Hotel.**—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11 up. Personal man., H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Quellenhof.**—Nr. Ther. bths. Ev'ry com. Full pen. fr. RM.7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel"; f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—**Haus Reichert.**—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & Sän. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Bad Ems.—**State Hotels and Römerbad**—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—**Hotel Augusta Victoria.**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—**Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.**—Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. com. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim. — **Hotel Bristol.** — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—**The Carlton.**—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—**Jeschke's Grand Hotel.**—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—**Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—**Palast Hotel.**—First-class in every way. Facing Baths and Kur-park. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim. — **Park Hotel.** — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Cologne.—**Hotel Comoedienhof.**—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b.fr.RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—**Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—Lead. htl, r. fr. RM.5. r., w. bath fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—**Hotel Excelsior.**—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — **Hotel Zähringer Hof.** — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.** — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hamburg.—**Hotel Atlantic.**—On the Alsterbasin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg. — **Hotel Europe.** — First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg. — **Reichspost Hotel.** — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—**Victoria Hotel.**—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—**Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.**—Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—**Grand Hotel Continental.**—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—**Park Hotel.**—Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich. — **Hotel Grunewald.** — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—**Hotel "Der Koenigshof," Karlsplatz 25.**—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Viktoria.** — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—**Htl. Nassauer Hof.**—Wld.-renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

(*Continued on page A*).

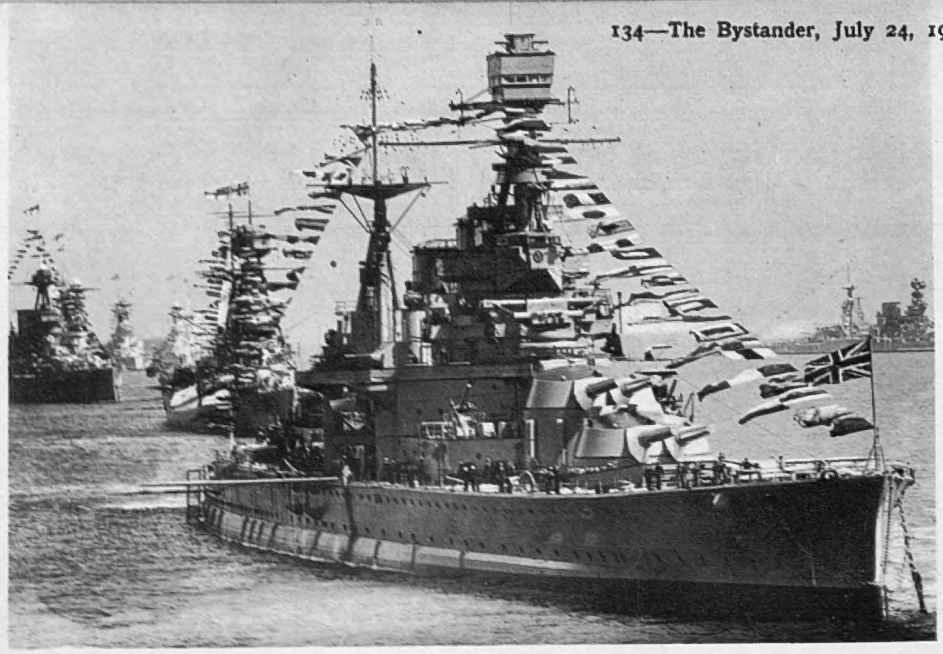
The Bystander, July 24, 1935 No. 1649. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON

A recent portrait of the new Lady Curzon, who yesterday, as Miss Priscilla Weigall, was married to Earl and Countess Howe's only son. She is Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's only child, and is twenty-one, six years younger than her husband. She and Lord Curzon were married at St. Paul's, in the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, of which her father is a Knight. She had five grown-up bridesmaids—Lady Georgiana Curzon, her sister-in-law; Lady Pamela Smith, Lady Iris Mountbatten, Mlle. Livia Paravicini, and Miss Christa de Paravicini—and five child attendants—Lady Rose Fane, the Hon. Gloria Curzon, Anne Curzon-Howe, and Pamela and Rosemary Turnor. They all wore aquamarine-blue to match the bridegroom's presents to them; the bride's own dress was of white lacquered satin, brocaded with silver leaves

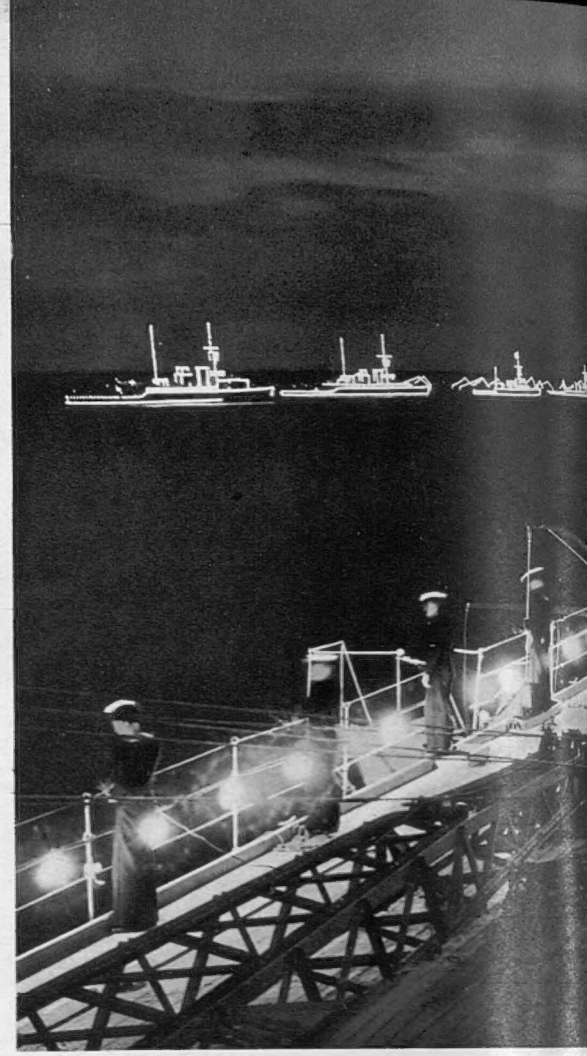


Ready, Aye, Ready

A view of the gaily decorated ships just prior to the King's inspection from the Royal Yacht, Victoria and Albert, at Spithead. The Renown is in the foreground, and to the left are the Hood and the Iron Duke. This picture was taken from the aircraft-carrier Courageous

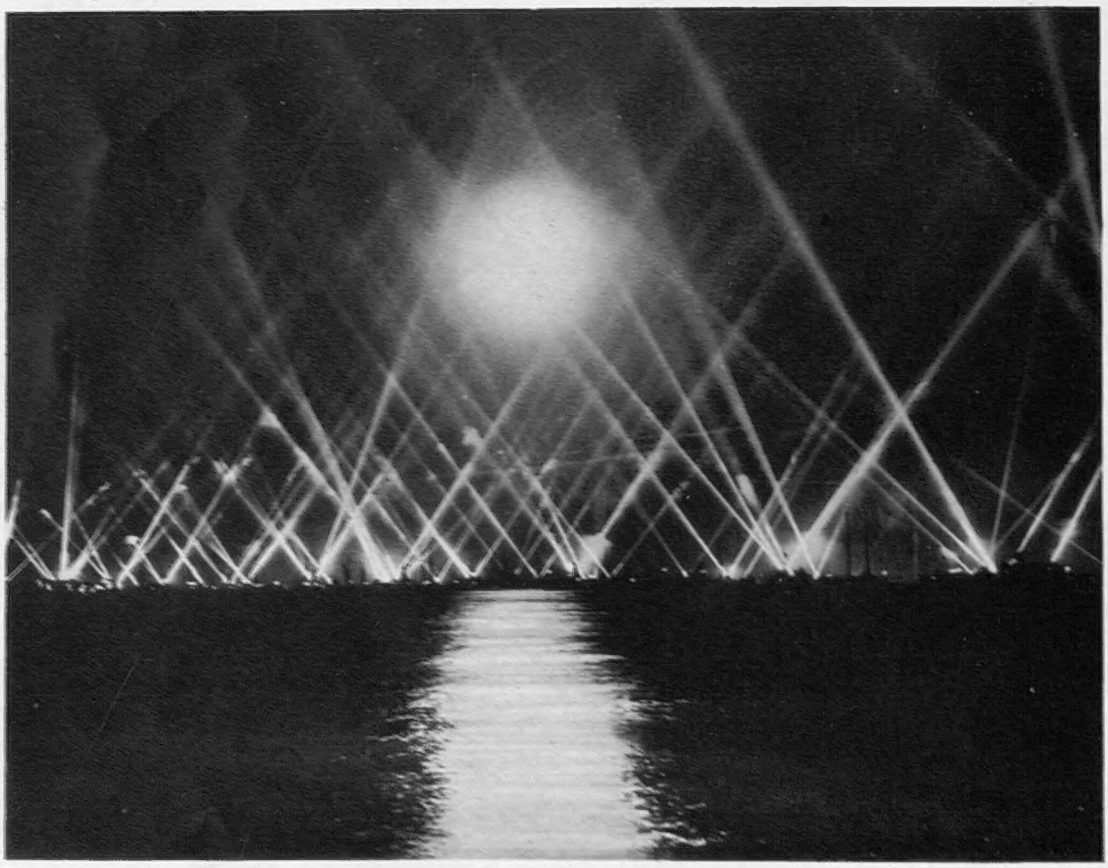
"Rideth a Puissant Navy"

The King at Portsmouth for the Jubilee Review



Outlined in Light

A view from one of the warships of the Fleet, showing the illuminations on board and the effect of the distant lights



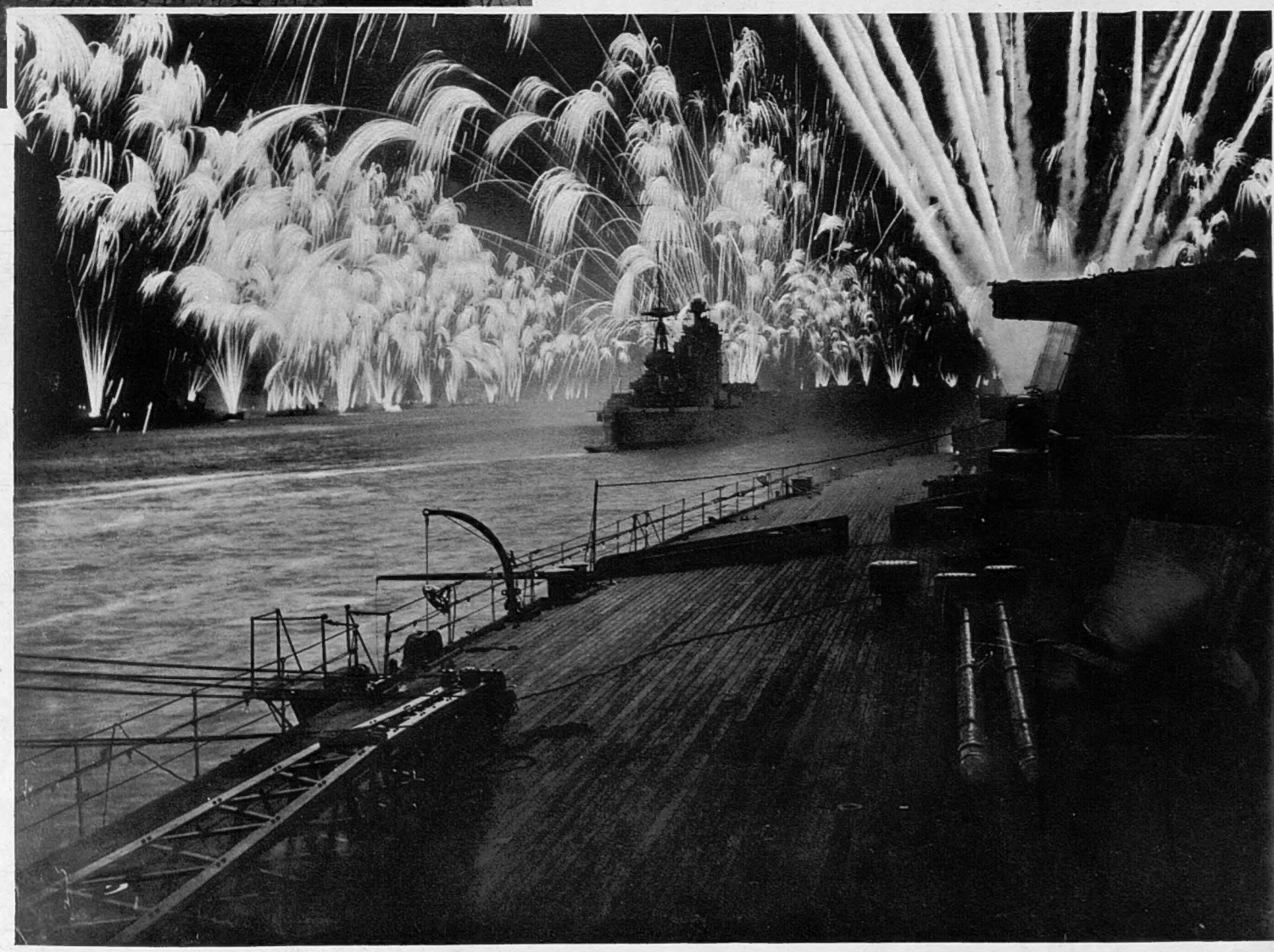
The Fleet's Searchlight Display

A view of the brilliant criss-cross pattern formed by the Fleet during the searchlight display which was held at Spithead following the Jubilee Review

IT was estimated that no fewer than a million people must have seen the two most magnificent spectacles of the Jubilee Year. In the afternoon, the King, on the Royal Yacht, passed through twelve miles of Royal Navy and merchant shipping, while at night the 160 warships gave a display of illumination which has never been excelled. The railways had a busy time, and Londoners returning by special trains were to be seen leaving Waterloo when the small hours of the morning were getting bigger and bigger

Pyrotechnics in Progress

A photographic capture of the rocket display which suddenly illuminated the darkness of the July night and was one of the most beautiful spectacles in an evening when several forms of lighting vied with each other to produce the most startling effect



Feathers of Fire

A photograph taken from one of the battleships showing another rain of golden rockets which, at a given signal, illumined the sea, sky and ships for many miles around

Wedding of the Week

Mr. Whitney Straight and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton

Whitney Straight and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton made a very nice-looking couple at their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. He is American, rich, an ex-racing motorist, son of the late Willard Straight, and Mrs. L. K. Elmhirst, of Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon. Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton is beautiful in a serene, unobvious way, is twenty-two, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham, sister of Lord Maidstone, who got married the week before, and granddaughter of A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia. Her wedding-dress was of gleaming silver, with a Crusader's helmet head-dress of tulle and orange blossom, and a bouquet of gardenias

Above:
Mrs. James Corrigan and Lady Cunard

Below:
The Countess of Bradford and Donna Degna Marconi

Miss Lisa Maugham and M. Vincent Paravicini

Lady Duff-Assheton-Smith

The Duke of Roxburghe and Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 112 Fred Perry

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THIS habit of depreciating our Champs.—noticeable last year in the case of Henry Cotton—seems to have spread. At Lord's the other day everyone was saying what a good thing it was that the South Africans beat our Test team. At Wimbledon these Little Englanders were openly saying that they hoped Baron Von Cramm would beat Fred Perry. What's the matter with Perry? The answer is, nothing, except that he has done the apparently unforgivable thing of being better than anyone else in his particular sport. Actually he is a likeable fellow, with real determination, inherited from his father, who earned 1s. 6d. a week at the age of ten in the Lancashire cotton-mills, and is now the secretary of the Co-operative Party. Dark and good-looking, Perry is beautifully built, and seldom needs the services of Dexter, the manipulative surgeon. Cyril Eames gave him the first new tennis racket he ever had, and Jenkins, the dressing-room attendant at Queen's, gave him his first lessons, when off duty, at Ealing. "Pops" Summers was another who took a hand in his tennis career, though it was his defeat of Baron Morpurgo in 1930 at Wimbledon which really put him on the map. Since his selection on the spot by the L.T.A. committee, Fred Perry has travelled all over the world with his rackets—from South America to Japan, and the amount of money that his stable companion, Pat Hughes, has made out of backing him at ping pong (I beg pardon, table tennis) is nobody's business. Which brings me to a point that only Elizabeth Ryan has discovered about the Champ.—that he has introduced two table tennis strokes to lawn tennis which have completely revolutionised the game. One of them is a backhand volley played from the right-hand side of the body. The other is a forehand drive which goes unexpectedly into the left-hand court instead of diagonally into the right-hand court.

ONE of his great passions is dance music, and when he feels he is getting stale he goes off with Jack Hylton and his Boys and has an orgy of Jazz. He is a complete teetotaller, never smokes cigarettes, and when at home either turns on the wireless or goes to the movies. Fred Perry was born in Stockport in 1909, and the Corporation recently sent him with pride a tea service modelled on the royal gold one at Windsor. But he first saw a game of tennis at Eastbourne, and played his first game at Brentham, Ealing way. Ever since he first entered competitive tennis he has always played the most off-colour stuff imaginable in trials. It takes a real match to make him show his class. By the way, the reason he played so indifferently against Jack Crawford at Wimbledon this year was because his feet were blistered, and he knew that he could win without running about. But Fred Perry is a real Champ. He always rises to the occasion.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

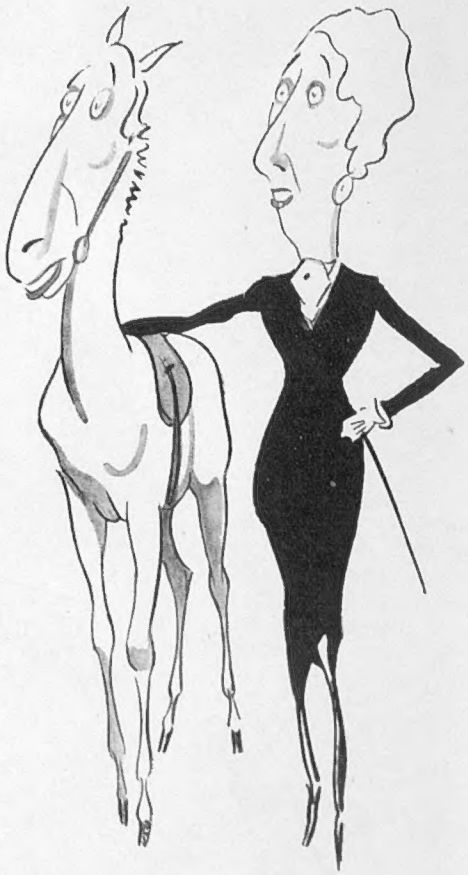
The Mixture As Before

"*Gay Deceivers*" *(Coliseum)*

Above: 'way down upon the old plantation. Pat Russell (Clifford Mollison) as an unwilling worker with a hearty dislike for bananas

IT is almost as easy to re-shape musical comedy as it is revue, and as on the opening night in London it is the exception rather than the rule for the best to be got out of this form of show by producers, authors, composers, or cast, I really think it would be better if the Press were not invited to pass judgment until all rough corners had been smoothed by many actual performances.

I did not, myself, see *Gay Deceivers* when it was staged at the Gaiety, but I seem to remember that the first-night notices were somewhat mixed. I think if the more critical critics had waited until, say, the evening that this musical comedy was transferred to the Coliseum, as it was last week, they would not have been so censorious, for this adaptation from the French by Reginald Arkell, with music by Moises Simon and Martin Broones, has settled down into a very bright show which is all the better for the almost complete loss of plot in Act II, especially when, as here, the plot is centuries old. When one has a clever company which can entertain "on its own," it is waste of time and opportunity to hamper them with a story, and this company is indubitably clever.



Lady with horse — horse on the left. Isabel Ferris (Charlotte Greenwood) as a hunting enthusiast

HERE is Charlotte Greenwood, who can sing, dance, and make a dull line sound like an epigram, and who possesses the individuality to keep things going at concert pitch. Here are David Hutcheson and Clifford Mollison as a couple of bosom pals, the former blessed with a smile of devastating inanity which is most disarming, while Clifford Mollison is something more than a comedian, he is a first-rate actor, as witness his serious performance in *The River*, by Sir Patrick Hastings. A "legit." character actor in Ivor Barnard provides comedy of an extra sec brand, while Gina Malo is a brunette of charm and cleverness. For those gentlemen who prefer blondes there is Claire Luce, who plays the part of a temperamental young woman with a perpetual restlessness which I found singularly exasperating on an extremely hot night. Debroy Somers and his Band are featured in big type on the programme. Quite rightly.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Below: between two fires. Bob Ferris (David Hutcheson) finds himself the bone of contention between Vivienne (Gina Malo), a brunette blizzard, and Maricousa (Claire Luce), a blonde bombshell

Sketches by Rouson

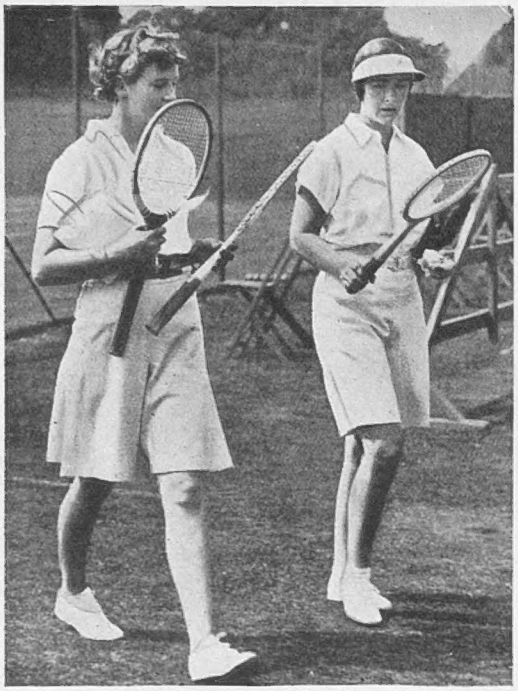
The Dragonflies: By H. H. Harris

FOUNDED in 1922, the Dragonflies is one of the youngest of what may be termed the wandering clubs, and was one of the first to make a feature of Sunday fixtures. The Dragonflies, who have an annual tour at Dover and Deal, when military cricket is enjoyed, believe that the finish is more important than the result, and though they may play the game in a light-hearted spirit, also play it as keenly as any side

Lawn Tennis Letter

Davis Cup Memories

By "Passer-By"



The 18th Lawn Tennis Tournament—

Miss V. Dauntesey, loser of a long match in the level singles, and the Hon. Mrs. Rhys, winner of an even longer one

B. Branfoot and Miss A. Yeats, who played together in the mixed doubles handicap

—at the New Forest Club, Brockenhurst

Lady Katherine Cairns and C. R. S. Muspratt, both competitors in the level singles, and partners in the mixed doubles, both level and handicap

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS week England will be Davis Cup conscious—a comparatively new mental condition for this country. Although the international Championship has been in existence for thirty-five years, it was not until Perry and Austin lifted the Cup out of French hands at Auteuil in 1933 that the home public realised that "big tennis" did not end with championships at Wimbledon. The trophy had, of course, resided in England before, but that was in pre-war days, which only middle-aged men could visualise—the days when pocket handkerchiefs were used instead of towels between the games, when the outside courts at the old Wimbledon were covered with tea-tables, and when the casual remarks of competitors after a match were not caught up by roving reporters and put into leaded type.

IN spite of the smaller crowds—a mere 4000 or so compared with the 15,000 which may be expected at the new Wimbledon this week-end—there were some very remarkable Davis Cup matches on the old ground. I recall three in particular. The first, which took place thirty years ago almost to the day, was between H. L. Doherty and Holcombe Ward, who, with Dwight Davis four years earlier, had come over from America to win the all-comers' doubles. Ward had the neatest touch at the net of almost any foreign invader. He was not a speed-merchant, like Vines or Tilden, nor had he ground strokes of the modern type. But he was the patentee of a googly service that seemed to convert the ball, then much softer than it is to-day, into an egg-shaped demon. It was a revolutionary service, serpentine in bound, and since Ward came in behind it, invariably the receiver was faced with the puzzling problem of eluding the volleyer's racket. S. H. Smith, with his straight-arm drive, was less embarrassed than Doherty by these corkscrew deliveries; he often punched them for winners. The more artistic Doherty had to use time as his servant. He lost the first two sets to Ward, the American educating the gallery in the subtleties of the stop volley—it was all very cleverly done. But then, as now, there was no ten minutes' interval at Wimbledon. Unless Ward could get right in, working up for the downward blow, he was at a grave disadvantage. Forced by draining stamina to drop back foot by foot, he was at the mercy of the Englishman in the last three sets. Indeed, he only collected three more games, and orthodox lawn tennis was vindicated.

THE other two salient Davis Cup matches on the old Centre Court were doubles. In both, H. Roper Barrett, now a member of the City Corporation and the captain of the British defending team this week, took part. The first was in 1907, when Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, representing Australasia, played Roper Barrett and A. W. Gore. The oversea pair were only separated from victory in three sets by a single point in Brookes' service game. An hour and a half later there was a tremendous shout when Barrett and Gore scrambled home in the twenty-fourth game of the fifth set.

It was a great tactical triumph, for Gore was not a volleyer, and the home couple adopted an unorthodox formation—one up and one back. They had, however, in addition to a perfect understanding, a rare capacity for seizing the vital points. Gore's service returns and lobs gave openings to Barrett which he accepted with unfailing skill. There have been very few doubles matches in England in recent years in which shrewd purpose behind every stroke has been so well illustrated.

TWO years later, Barrett, with another partner, C. P. Dixon, was engaged in a struggle against America to keep the Cup in England; it had just been recovered from Australia through the strong arm of Cecil Parke. The American pair were Maurice McLoughlin—who had won the all-comers' singles at Wimbledon, to lose to Wilding in the challenge round—and Harold Hackett, one of the craftiest exponents of the doubles art that ever crossed the Atlantic. The British pair led 5—3 in the fourth set; then Barrett's service, its deceptive softness of no avail, was lost to love. McLoughlin's service followed, but, when smashing an easy lob at 40—30, the Californian broke a string in his racket. Missing another smash with a new racket, McLoughlin was faced with 'vantage point against him—only a point from defeat. He served to Dixon and volleyed his return sharp and true through the English pair. Then came two splendid balls to win the tenth game. Finally, the Americans got home at 6—4 in the fifth set. A strained knee had reduced Barrett's mobility; in the later stages the Americans found a passage over his head.

IN singles there has been a speeding-up of the game; the strain on stamina is greater, and youth, as it should be, is more markedly served. But in modern doubles there has been a decline both in accuracy and in tactical skill. What spectator of succeeding eras will deny that the Dohertys, or Dwight Davis and Ward, or R. N. Williams and Vincent Richards, or P. O'Hara Wood and R. V. Thomas, would have won the doubles at Wimbledon this year, could they have been resurrected in their prime?

Baroness Philip de Rothschild and Mme. Kyriakos are both wearing the white suits which look like being the Cowes uniform this year

Miss Hallett coming ashore with Lord Brecknock, whose father, Lord Camden, is Vice-Commodore of the R.Y.S.

Below: Mrs. William Jameson is the wife of the well-known Irish yachtsman who is Vice-Commodore of Royal St. George's, the Kingstown yacht club

Miss Daphne Courtney, Mr. Jack Nash, and Mr. Geoffrey Dunfee, the youngest of the motoring brothers, looked rather more informal and "sea-side" than Cowes visitors usually permit themselves to be

Above: Mr. M. Russell, Lord Powerscourt, and Mrs. Ernest Guinness, whose husband owns the famous Fantome, were three more at Cowes for the pre-Review week-end

Left: Major Cyril Drummond, Lady Montagu of Beaulieu and her eldest daughter, Anne, and Mrs. Drummond on the Squadron steps. Major Drummond is a member of the Squadron and lives near Southampton

South of the Solent

The Pre-Review Week-end at Cowes

Captain Hawkins' Team

Captain Hawkins' team, seen above, which played against Mr. Ken Homan's team in the grounds of Penshurst Castle, Kent. B. H. Valentine, the Kent county player, is second, and Captain Hawkins fourth from the left at the back. The former's sister is second and Mrs. Hawkins fourth from the right in the middle row

Mr. Ken Homan's Eleven

Included in the group are Mrs. Ken Homan on the left, with E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey captain, next to her. M. J. C. Allom, of Surrey, centre of the back row, and D. Morkell, of South Africa, seated on ground, extreme right. Others in the group are Miss Thynne, Miss Farmer, Captain Tattersall, seated extreme right, Miles Howell, D. Homan, S. Scratchley, G. Goodwin, C. G. W. Robson, and Sir Derrick Watson

Willow Is King

First - Class Cricket In Country - House Surroundings

Right: Lord de L'Isle and Dudley talking to General Macfarlane during the tea interval

Mrs. Ken Homan wearing a "neat thing in straws" to protect herself from the scorching sun

Left: Mrs. Ken Homan chatting to some of her friends during one of the intervals of a most exciting match, which was won by her husband's XI. by one wicket with five minutes to spare. D. Morkell was the top scorer

This Is Political

Three of Mr. Baldwin's New Ministers

Bassano

Lord Eustace Percy—"The Thinking Minister"

Captain Euan Wallace

Capt. Euan Wallace, *M.P. for Rugby in 1922-3, and for Hornsey since 1924, is the new Under Secretary for Home Affairs, second in command to the new Home Secretary, Sir John Simon. Before this appointment, he was Civil Lord of the Admiralty; as one of the four Commissioners for the Distressed Areas, his report on conditions on the North-East coast was particularly able and vivid. His good-looking wife is a daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens*

Lord Eustace Percy, *as Minister without Portfolio, came in for a jocular drubbing from Sir Herbert Samuel in the recent debate on the new Ministerial appointments. The "Minister for Quiet Cogitation," whose attention in his present post will be devoted to social services and unemployment problems, was President of the Board of Education in 1924-9, and has been the Member for Hastings since 1921. He is an uncle of the Duke of Northumberland*

Kenneth Lindsay's *appointment was one of the surprises of the Governmental re-shuffle: he had been in the House, as National Labour Member for Kilmarnock, under two years when he succeeded Capt. Euan Wallace as Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He, like Lord Eustace Percy, is a confirmed "planner," and is general secretary of "P.E.P." (Political and Economic Planning)*

Kenneth Lindsay

Ernst Lubitsch Had a Party

Ernst Lubitsch, the German Hollywood director, who is leaning on the back of the sofa, had these four lovelies at a party he gave at his house—Princess Katherine of Greece, Gladys Swarthout, a Metropolitan Opera House star, who is making films with Paramount, Jeanette Macdonald, and the lovely Marlene Dietrich

Off the Set

Two View-Points From Hollywood

Maureen O'Sullivan, John Farrow and Countess Maigret

These three were photographed at the Uplifters' Club at Hollywood: Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow are engaged (or perhaps married by now), and Countess Maigret is a new star with a good Hollywood contract. She is the latest young actress to be talked of as a "new Garbo"; she's very attractive-looking, anyway

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

CONTEMPLATING, not unmoved, the ceremonial at Spithead, we glanced round the destroyer deck on which we stood, and asked ourselves one of those odd little rhetorical questions we 're always asking ourselves, if you don't mind. Taking in the high splendour of the spectacle, the majesty of the ships of war, everything that pageant stood for, we asked ourselves how many of the thousands present were giving a single thought to the man who actually created the British Navy.

We saw in a vision his rather heavy, proud, saturnine, brooding features, framed in the great black periwig ; the man who first drew up the line of naval battle ; who first manœuvred English fighting ships in line ; who introduced signalling ; who formed the first cadre of regular naval officers ; who stood for seventeen hours on the deck of his flagship at the Battle of Lowestoft, under heavy fire, and won one of our most notable victories at sea. You probably won't guess his name. The dons hate him like hell, and the history-books shroud him in a fog of deliberate misrepresentation and calumny which is only gradually being dispersed by honest historians. His fame is often ignored completely in naval books. We refer to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. of England. And the answer to our little question above is—well, what ? We wouldn't mind betting we were the only ones in that huge assembly who gave him a passing thought. His best portrait, by Greenhill, is in the gallery at Dulwich. We doubt if any laurels have ever been laid before it by the Navy League.

Musician

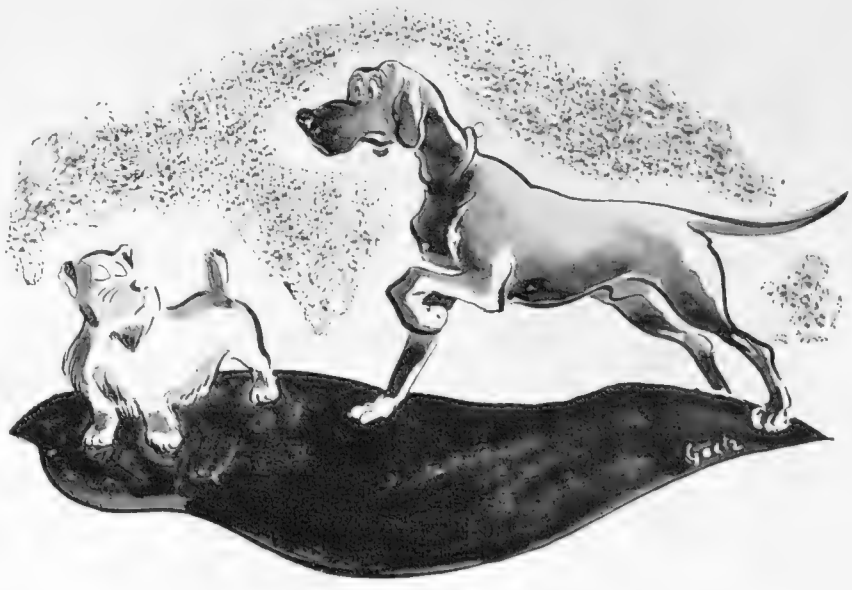
ISSUING from a musical party the other evening after hearing a group of modern songs, we read in our evening paper that Maude Valerie White had been granted a Civil List pension of £100, and we felt as suddenly refreshed as if we had just come out of a modernist steel - and - glass cocktail-bar, decorated, as so many appear to be, by a lunatic in hell, into a chintz-and-silver Edwardian drawing-room, full of gracious demoded charm. When Miss White wrote her songs there was melody in the air, and form, and technique. What we felt about the composer (name suppressed by Censor) of the modern group was that if he had by chance once hit on the same scale of notes as the singer, the shame of it would have killed him.

We 're not reactionary about modern songs. We like Peter Warlock and Dunhill and half-a-dozen others. The songs we 're talking about had accompaniments like the noise made by a fretful female child banging a piano with its fist out of pure viciousness. It was terribly serious. The composer sweated blood, and the singer squinted with agony, and all present (except us) said it was too exquisite, too, too sincere and thought-provoking, whereas actually it was just lousy by any standard. There 's a well-known true story about a couple of artists in Montmartre who tied a couple of paint-brushes to a donkey's tail, backed him against a canvas, and had the ultimate result accepted and hung in an Impressionist show as " Sunrise on the Adriatic." What we say is, if it 's as easy as that (as it is), why the fuss ?

Auntie Says "No"

THE newly-published B.B.C. black-list of tabooed jokes for comedians is pretty comprehensive, and about fifty per cent. reasonable. They 've elevated spiritism into a religion, we observe, and it mustn't be joked about. We 'd like to know exactly what, in these days when anybody can start a new religion, and generally does, the B. B. C. considers that label to cover. Voodoo ? Yoga ? Fantee ? Black Magic ? Behaviourism ? Vegetarianism ? And what about the very solemn English religion of Cricket, which has more adherents than ninety per cent. of the sects of England ?

Another thing we 're puzzled about is Item Five, " effeminacy in men." All through the ages it has been recognised that ridicule kills more swiftly than anything. (" C'est le ridicule qui tue.") To prohibit healthy gibing at this particular vice seems to us pure moral cowardice on the B.B.C.'s part, if it isn't rude to say so. Also muddled thinking. Also it seems one more instance of the modern English habit of pretending unpleasant things don't exist. Thus protected by the B.B.C. —not to speak of the newspapers and the stage Censor—the insufferable intellectual pretensions paraded by the lipstick boys in Bloomsbury and elsewhere can flourish as unchecked (except for an occasional kick in the trousers) as they flourish among their soul-mates of Prussia.



" Don't point, it 's rude "

There isn't very much left to joke about when you reach the end of the list. Aristophanes would have a pretty bad time with the B.B.C., not to mention Dorothy Parker, Shakespeare (who liked a timely jest on cuckoldry, like most of us), Molière, Guitry, Congreve, " Saki," and practically any satirist of any age. Well, if Auntie says we mustn't, Auntie knows, we take it.

Crinoline Complex

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, who ought to read more in his spare time, had a stab at the

"prim and grim" Victorian days recently. People are always gibing at the Victorians. It 's odd how the superstition lingers among the uninformed that the Victorians were a lot of evangelical muffs. They were pretty gay dogs; gayer and much freer than we, and, though odious in many ways, full of life and devilry.

In our infancy we used to pore over a Victorian magazine called *The Welcome Guest*, to which George Augustus Sala, a merry cove, contributed articles on London life. Do you know what the awful mid-Victorian Papa did night after night before he married and became the earthly equivalent of the Victorian God? He went to the theatre and came out at midnight. If he was an early bird, he merely went on to oysters and Chablis at some restaurant in the Haymarket. After midnight! If he really wanted an evening out he went on from there in a party at 1 a.m. to Evans's, or some other jolly place in Covent Garden, and had a real supper of chops and kidneys, with punch or grog and lashings of ale and vocalisation, getting home (if he wanted to) at 4 a.m., or not at all. Pretty prim and grim, we don't think! He could even buy a cigar after 8 p.m. if he liked. Think of all this, boys, when the waiter sweeps your glass off the table next time.

To some extent the modern bottle-party night-club is restoring Victorian gaiety to London, at a price—while it is still permitted to flourish, we mean. But it isn't normal, and Evans's was. Somebody ought to reprint G. A. Sala, if Lady Astor's permission can be got.

Queens in Exile

TIME is lagging a little, according to latest advices from our spy in Torquay, with the European beauty queens assembled there; all nice girls, and each of them as pretty as any girl you see any day in the Tube. We don't think the Press has treated them very nicely in the matter of publicity. We 've a feeling that if a purple hippogriff devoured Miss Czechoslovakia on the promenade it would only make what Fleet Street calls a "fill"—maximum, five lines. The queens of beauty were all in the sea the other day, we observe, flinging up shapely white arms for the photographers. Torquay was keenly interested, an old lady

"Smoke, Alf?"

"Moonlight or no moonlight, I say right is right and wrong is wrong"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 40.—P. C. Wren

IN an arid, airless region,
Full of sand-dunes and oases,
You may meet with, if you 're lucky,
Heroes of the Foreign Legion,
Those Society's disgraces
With a past that 's somewhat mucky;
And it 's of these dashing men
P. C. Wren writes now and then.

With a touch that 's strong and dashing
He produces local colour
In a way that is so vivid
That each story of armed clashing
In some flea-infested nullah
Makes our healthy cheeks turn livid
And our living flesh to creep
So much that we lose our sleep.

Pukka sahib poilu heroes
Who are white men through and through, Sir,
And would scorn a crude or low jest
Lay out sous-officiers Neros
(Though each one may be a bruiser)
And regard it as a beau gest,
For our Senior Wrengler shows
Virtue triumphs o'er all foes. B. W.

voicing the general enthusiasm by remarking to a retired major of infantry that there seemed to be a lot of young women in the sea.

Nobody seeming to know quite what to do with them next, we suggest serving Miss Sweden in a pie at the Palace Hotel. When the crust was taken off there would be Miss Sweden, reclining gracefully and smiling at the guests. Another thing to do would be to get a lot of fancy boxes and put the beauty queens in them. We can't suggest what to do with the boxes then, but it 's an idea, anyway. Another thing would be to let them down in glass diving-bells into the sea about two fathoms, each representing the Spirit of Something, or playing the violoncello, or what not. Another thing would be to assemble all the tennis-queens and golf-queens and debutantes and actresses in England and park them all in a huge ball-room with the beauty queens. Here again we wouldn't know what to do next, except lock the doors quietly and go home. By thinking up ideas like this some men make £10,000 a year.

Big Heap Swell Baby

A Red Indian squaw, aged 115, tribe unnamed, who has just died in British Columbia, apparently grew a third set of teeth quite recently, her grey hair at the same time turning jet black. (Apropos, we hope you remember the lady in one of Wilde's comedies whose hair turned quite gold from grief?) This is the sort of thing which makes many a bouncing Mayfair dowager, quite twenty years the aforesaid squaw's junior, and still creating hell at parties, very, very jealous. We are in a position to give the recipe for such feats. A simple, nutritious, nightly diet of boiled dog is the main item.

We once met a Red Indian of the Mohawk nation in New York. Like O. Henry's Cherokee, John Tom Little Bear, he was a university graduate. His clothes and manners were perfect and he never ran amuck. Instead of going after the paleface with a tomahawk he trailed him with writs and bills of costs. His wigwam, on the tenth floor of a tall block near Central Park, was decorated, not with scalps, but with etchings and first editions. What specially impressed us was that with the ruthless courage and stoicism of the Red man he had fought his way through most of the books of Virginia Woolf. Also, he was proud of his blood. The remains of the Mohawk nation (pro-British-cum-Hessian in the American Revolution) live nowadays mostly on the Grand Reservation. In the seventeenth century they were pretty restless and terrible. One of their squaws Tekakwitha, is awaiting beatification at Rome. Yes, our Mohawk had read Fenimore Cooper, too. He considered Cooper's palefaces marvellous, and thought it a pity they 've degenerated.

Rencontre

We 'd like to have been present in some menial capacity or other when Lord Beaverbrook (leaving, presumably, his suite of liegemen, henchmen, or socage tenants in double burgage to kick their heels in the hotel) was given an audience with Mussolini in Rome the other day. It isn't every day a newspaper proprietor meets a Man. One or two people who have talked with Mussolini assure us that it is an experience which does not readily fade from the memory. It 's like coming out of a fog and facing reality and the cold, clear air.

We were trying the other day to count on ten fingers the Men of our present time—men who have done something by themselves, men carved from different wood, men rising high and lonely above the babbling mob of politicians and "leaders." In a word, "makers." We could think of Lyautey, whose great work in Morocco everybody ought to see; Foch; Cardinal Mercier; Mussolini; Lenin, whether you like it or not (we don't); Clemenceau, though he had obvious flaws; and—who the devil else? We ask you, who? Address your replies to "Auntie Comfort," c/o the Editor of *The Home Girl*, who will award tasty prizes for the most nicely-coloured or hand-knitted entries.

The Bystanders.

"And this is the gun-room"

FILMS of the DAY

Colour Triumphs

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"*Bulldog Jack*"

Jack Hulbert takes on a Bulldog Drummond job, with brother Claude to help him track the criminals: that's the basis of the new Hulbert thriller-cum-farce at the Tivoli. The butler is Gibb McLaughlin

"*Star of Midnight*"

William Powell and Ginger Rogers are co-starred for the first time in "Star of Midnight," which goes to the Empire in August. It's a romantic thriller, with Powell as a "debonnair attorney" and Ginger as a lovely socialite with enough clothes for a dress show, and her own irrepressible sense of humour

"BECKY SHARP," the first full-length colour film, is a revelation of what colour can add to a film of beauty and pictorial interest without detracting from clarity and depth. Both the crudities and the blurring of past colour efforts have disappeared. Tones are clear, and the differentiation of textures enhance the beauty and enlarge the scope of pictorial effects.

In spite of the fact that there was that very rare phenomenon, spontaneous applause, at the Press show (for the notable and beautiful Waterloo ball scene), critics and the trade are inclined to "hedge" about this new development in film technique. The reason is not far to seek. The adoption of colour as a current medium will mean changes, alterations, and the spending of more money. But I am quite certain that once the public realise the possibilities of colour they will demand it, especially for spectacle and musical films, and what the public wants they get—in time.

OF course, all the colour films to come will not be as satisfying as *Becky Sharp*, to which an infinitude of care and artistry has been brought, since this picture was to launch the Technicolour campaign. Rouben Mamoulian, whose imagination and fine sense of composition make all his work memorable and distinctive, was well chosen to direct. The décors, the costumes, and the uniforms are beautiful and impressive.

MIRIAM Hopkins is excellent as Becky. Complaint has been made that she turns Thackeray's character into a modern gold-digger. But was not Becky, in essence, the prototype of all the fair and heartless mercenaries throughout the ages who devote their wiles to obtaining all they want in life and giving nothing in return? Does it matter where they wear their waists or whether their hair is dressed in Empire curls or Eton-cropped? The *genre* persists.

And so the fair and penniless Becky . . . slyly playing on the sympathy and gaining the protection of a rich school friend. Unable to "land" her friend's fat and fatuous brother, she takes a post as governess, and succeeds in marrying the son of the house. Launched in London society she plays her cards more skilfully than her husband his at the gaming tables, going from success to success, until we find her at the Duchess of Richmond's ball in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, desired of the wicked Lord Steyne and presented to Royalty. There is a provocatively short and suggestive caricature of the Prince Regent, in the person of Olaf Hytten.

Becky gets four hundred pounds from Lord Steyne to pay her husband's debts, but when he turns up to claim his just reward, the untimely appearance of the husband brings about an unfortunate situation in which both men revile her, and her downfall begins. But she is ultimately rescued from poverty and the brandy bottle by Amelia, the friend she betrayed by seducing her husband's love, and by Joseph, now reconciled to matrimony.

THERE is plenty of incident and character. Nigel Bruce as Joseph, with his portly presence, his fruity voice and chuckle, easily leads the male portion of the cast. Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the supposedly sinister Lord Steyne is wooden and funereal. The ramrod manner and expressionless stare are not effective on the screen. Frances Dee has a weak part as Amelia, but looks charming and, because of her clear skin and conservative make-up, is the best subject of all for the colour photography. Alison Skipworth gives an amusing sketch of elderly female irascibility.

IT is something like a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous to turn from this fascinating picture to *McGlusky, the Sea Rover*, featuring Jack Doyle. He has not yet proved himself as a boxer, and certainly does not win this bout with professional film actors.

In the words of the synopsis: "As the 'Sea Lion' cleft the waters of the Bristol Channel, Captain Mazarin was the only person aware of the presence on board of three strangely contrasted creatures—a man, a boy and a dog." The man is "McGlusky, the Sea Rover, famed throughout the seven seas for his deeds of skill and daring." The story concerns the two men's competition for treasure and a woman, the Flame of the Desert, played sinuously by Tamara Desni. Doyle wears a beard and does a lot of fighting. Schoolboys may like the film.

THE name of Albert Prejean of *Sous les Toits de Paris* fame, is the chief attraction to *Volga in Flames*, but as the puppet hero of a pseudo revolutionary affair (adapted from a story by Pushkin), he has no opportunities for the exposition of his debonair, Gallic personality.

He is Orloff, a Russian officer who rescues a man from dying in the snow. Later this man turns out to be Silatschoff, a fanatic revolutionary, who routs the garrison, puts to death the Colonel and his wife, kidnaps their lovely daughter, loved by Orloff, and proclaims himself Czar. One of the officers, a rival for the girl's love, turns traitor. Orloff escapes death because of his previous service to the self-styled Czar. There are intrigues and counter-intrigues; finally, the rebels are defeated and Orloff united to the long-suffering girl. Valerij Inkischinoff, who plays the rebel, is a queer Tartar type, and might be used to better advantage in a character part.

"SWEET ADELINE" is full of sentiment, music and feminine adornment of the Spanish-American War period. Irene Dunne is the actress-heroine, and what story there is concerns the rivalry between her and another not-so-nice girl. Hugh Herbert is comic relief—a great relief.

. . . And An Elephant

Mrs. Woolley-Hart Had Four Hundred and One Guests at Her Indo-Chinese Party

An Impeccable Guest, Polite, Friendly and No Gossiper

The elephant in the garden was the big sensation of Mrs. Woolley-Hart's party last week: it couldn't have been more of a social success. Mr. Terence Skeffington-Smythe and the Comtesse de Villeneuve are the other two in the picture. The party was at the Woolley-Harts' Prince's Gate house, with the Chinese Minister and Mme. Quo-Tai-Chi as the guests of honour

Above, left: Mrs. Woolley-Hart and the Chinese band which was another of the evening's specialities. Everyone had to wear Chinese or Indian dresses, and the food and decorations were all to match

Right: Lord and Lady Poulett, back from their honeymoon, were at the party. She is Oriel Ross on the stage, and they were married in June

Below, right: the Ruthven twins and their husbands were dressed to match, more or less. The quartet goes—John Barran, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Davies, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran, and Peter Davies

Lady Bridget Poulett went Chinese, with a flowery head-dress, and looked lovely, as usual. She is dancing with the Maharaja of Jaipur

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF YORK arrived at Covent Garden on Thursday night just in time to see the first presentation of the new Ballet, *Les Cent Baisers*.

They were in a party with Lady Jersey, Lady Anne and Mr. Henry Hunloke and the Hon. Esmé Glyn. The Ballet, composed by Frederic d'Erlanger and produced by Nijinska, was a wild success, and several flower-shop owners must, we think, be contemplating retirement, judging by the vast array of what are known as floral tributes.

Among an interesting and decorative audience we noticed sundry members of the d'Erlanger family, Miss Edith Sitwell, the Gilbert Millers, Alanova with a new coiffure, Miss Tilly Losch, and Sir Alfred Beit. Box occupants included Lady Cunard, in an ermine cape, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, and Mr. Cecil Beaton, who only that afternoon had been at the Brussels Exhibition. Afterwards Covent Gardenites seemed to do one of two things: sup at the Savoy Grill (where Lady Cunard was joined by Herr Kommer), or go to Mr. Oswald Birley's party in St. John's Wood.

Test of Beauty

As the season wanes, you find people incline more and more to the informal type of entertainment, and "relax" is a popular word. One very hot day last week, you might have seen, had you known the address, in a drawing-room in Eaton Square, a well-known Mayfairite having her face massaged and her nails manicured while a mild cocktail-party was in progress around her. Even with a coating of thick white grease on her face she looked quite beautiful, a severe test, if ever there was one!

West End Asides at Eighty in the Shade

COLONEL WILFRID EGERTON emerging from White's Club, a Zingari ribbon round the crown of his straw boater.

Ralph Cobbold leaving the wine-shop where he works, wearing the same model.

Celia Palmer, who has lost two stone, either through the heat, banting, or an exciting piece of news not yet out.

Lady Dufferin's piquant profile through the side windows of an imposing motor-car.

Rosamund Harcourt-Smith driving a blue sports car. She was off to some cocktail-party in one of the ultra-simple frocks and gardenish hats that suit her so well. Their house in Ovington Place is charming in a very "Oliver Messel-ish" way: a colour-scheme of turquoise and petunia, stiff, striped silks, flowers and birds under glass covers.

Baroness Stackelberg

Above: Baroness Stackelberg was sketched at the cocktail-party she gave just before she and her husband went off for their round-Europe motor tour. She has a charming little house in Middle Street, just off Montpelier Square

Princess Andrew of Russia

Left: Princess Andrew of Russia was one of the guests at Baroness Stackelberg's party. She was wearing an amusing necklace and earrings made from tortoiseshell

Her husband, who is in the Foreign Office, is one of the few people who combine real wit with a sense of humour. Somehow, they so seldom go together. The few people who are really witty can so rarely see a joke against themselves. Then again, we are told that to be able to do that is to possess a sense of the ridiculous, again another matter. Someone with all three would be fun!

Miraculous Escape

OUR sympathies and congratulations must be extended in one breath to Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian for his miraculous escape in the air disaster last week, when, with a party of friends, he was proceeding to the Naval Review. To have been in an aeroplane crash and survived at all seems to us a miracle, but the shock, to say nothing of extremely painful burns and bruises, must be really shattering. A friend of ours was lunching with Mrs. Gulbenkian at the Embassy on the day it happened, and got a message to go at once to her flat, where she found her poor hostess, naturally in a state of great anxiety as to her husband's injuries, and relief as to his comparative safety, answering ceaseless telephone inquiries as the news filtered out in the West End.

Lady Moira Combe

A sketch made at lunch time at the Ritz; Lady Moira Combe's big hat and simple dress were all in a lovely pale orchid pink colour which suits her ideally

A Brave Man

MR. GULBENKIAN appears to have a charmed life, for he was unhurt in a motor accident some years ago, when his car somersaulted three times near Deauville, and had numerous spills and tosses while hunting with the Old Berkeley, Whaddon and Bicester last season.

Local hunting people in the district were astounded at his bravery, for nothing seemed to "put him off" (metaphorically!), and, with a monocle in his eye and an orchid in his buttonhole, he presented a brave appearance, and certainly lived up to it.

His wife is a charming and attractive

Joan Buckmaster

Gladys Cooper

John Buckmaster

Three members of a family lunch-party in the Buck's Club tent at Lord's were Lady Pearson (Gladys Cooper) and her daughter and son. She was wearing a red and white dress and a scarlet hat with white berries to trim it, and Joan Buckmaster was all in navy blue and white. Gladys Cooper is due to sail for New York next month, where, it is said, she is going to play in "Macbeth" and "Othello." Son John is playing in the amazingly popular "Tovarich"

woman, with many friends in the diplomatic circle in London. She has a good singing voice, long, brown eyes set at an upward slant, and rides in the Row at an unearthly hour every morning.

Theirs is one of the few houses (luxury flat, to be correct) where orchids are used as flower decorations. Trails of the smaller and rarer species, in odd shades of brown and green, adorn their dining-room table and drawing-room vases.

They Mix Well

TALKING of flowers, how lovely those great mixed bunches of different-coloured flowers are. We may be quite wrong, but we think it was Mrs. Spry who first introduced them to an admiring Mayfair. It took even ardent gardeners years to realise that flowers are the one thing in this world that cannot clash, and, no matter how you mix them, the mixture cannot put your teeth on edge.

To this day we remember the bowls of primroses, wallflowers, and forget-me-nots that we found in a bedroom at the Quintin Gilbeys' house at Haslemere, early in the summer.

Cochranesque Party

YOU know the old hostess trick of snaffling a free cabaret out of her most talented guests. "Just one song, Rex"; or, "Ivy, you wouldn't be an angel for once?" We think Mr. Bob Lebus must be the stars' favourite man. When he gave a small but delightful party at his flat the other night, there were so many stars that it might have been a cabaret after even Mr. Cochran's own heart. People came and went from nine o'clock till three a.m., and it was like a very late cocktail-party, but also with delicious food served during the entire evening.

Among the early arrivals were Mrs. Cartwright, with cartridge tiara, and Dwight Fiske, who, alas! is returning to New York this week. The party was really given to welcome and say farewell to Beatrice Lillie, who has been over on one of her week-end visits from America. Among the entertainers who drifted in during the evening were Douglas Byng, Rex Evans, Edward Cooper, and Ivy St. Helier, and artist Oliver Messel, who is the best amateur turn we know. His sister, Ann Armstrong Jones, looked like a lovely Greuze that night, in billowing white and dark-blue organdie. Fay Compton, whose stage repertoire extends from Barrie parts to pantomime, is now joining the band of open-air Shakespeareans in Regent's Park. Dorothy Dickson looked lovely in an ultra-simple pale green dress.

Who else do we remember seeing? Lady Caroline Paget, in a group on the floor; Gertie Lady Dudley and Ivor Novello in earnest conversation on a sofa; Lady Phyllis Allen, white flowers in her hair; and Waveney Provotoroff, whose mahogany sunburn and original printed dress were equally admired. "Young Doug," sitting on the floor with his back to the door, talking to Edna Best, who crouched sitting on her heels and looked like a little girl. No party is complete without "Eddy" Tatham, so it did not matter that he arrived late, in grey flannels, after dining somewhere in the country.

"Conversation Piece" best describes this very good party, and proves that a cabaret is not always necessary.

Three in a Row

To meet in one street in one morning three out of the six women who have been quoted as the best-dressed in London was certainly a sartorial treat we were glad we did not miss. Mrs. Kenneth Wagg was the first, in what is known as "an *imprimé* two-piece." Dark, sleek, and chic to her finger-tips, the ex-Katharine Horlick should be a lesson to many other young women. She knows her type, and sticks to it—rather severe original clothes, almost straight hair, and very little jewellery.

Next came Mrs. Simon Brand, whose clothes-sense is as well known (or even more so) in Paris as in London. Someone once told us with bated breath that a world-famous couturier "even allows Mrs. Brand to alter her models!" Some of the creations we see around have been altered without permission, we can't help thinking!

Last, but not least, our eyes lighted on Mrs. Harriman, hatless, and "straight out of a drier," we suspected, from the perfection of her really lovely silver hair. She is very smart, and has those enviable "racehorse" ankles peculiar to Americans. Mrs. Erskine Gwynne possesses them; also Mrs. Ernest Simpson and Connie Dawes, who is Canadian.

Question of Ankles

WE have never seen an American girl with thick ankles, and loyal as we may try to be to our own countrywomen as a nation, ankles are not their strong suit. It was Mrs. Roger Wright, I think, who suggested the other day that it was possibly the boots that American children wear during the growing-pain stage, that help to produce their divinely slim ankles.

Mr. Claude Leigh, who has lately joined the ranks of racehorse owners in a mild way, also has a wife with the ankles of a racehorse. Since the end of the opera season, we have seen very little of Mrs. Leigh. She is living the simple life (or trying to) in her very lovely new Ascot home, but a party for twenty children and nannies, many local callers, and several luncheon-parties for curious and envious town-dwellers are complicating her simple-life arrangements.

A Lovely House

THE house, in the middle of Old Windsor Park, is heavenly. You feel you might be a hundred miles away from London; actually it is forty minutes from Hyde Park Corner. A wide terrace runs round the house, which is all white,

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

terra-cotta sunblinds lending a Riviera-ish touch, further enhanced by a marvellous swimming-pool, at one end of which there is a pavilion, bar, and dressing-rooms. One grand old tree in the croquet-lawn has an electric-light hidden in the branches. It is all too good to be true, and must be seen to be believed. For Mrs. Leigh's large family of girls, it must be paradise: five-year-old Virginia, as brown as a berry, runs round in a bathing-suit all day. The two "just out" daughters are off to Aix-les-Bains with Mr. Leigh next month while he takes a cure, Mrs. Leigh quite justifiably saying that she can't tear herself away from her new surroundings.

Easy to Describe

IT is thanks to Mr. Cole Porter that we have an expression fit to describe Mrs. Woolley-Hart's party on Wednesday night—"The Top" was the only word for it.

Real Chinese diplomats, real Maharajas, real Chinese noodles and Indian curry, and even a real, live elephant in the garden. A dazzling hostess, who changed in the middle of the evening from one amazing toilette to another, and crowds and crowds of people who, for once, had really taken trouble over their Chinese and Indian costumes.

The high, flower head-dresses worn by some of the women were immensely effective. Mrs. Woolley-Hart made her first appearance wearing one; Lady Bridget Poulett wore another; and a masked mystery woman a third.

Eastern Dress Parade

THE three Maharajas were their Highnesses of Jaipur, Cooch Behar and Rajpipla, the last-named in a magnificent brocade coat with diamond and ruby buttons. The two younger men wore white silk jodhpores and plain dark jackets, and one had lent a spare suit to our Boxing Baronet, Sir Robert Throckmorton.

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar wore a lovely pale pink sari and priceless pearls. Lady Patricia Mackay was a Chinese maiden in rose-coloured brocade; while Lady Moira Combe's orange suit and enormous mandarin hat seemed to make her more beautiful than ever. A white turban and dark make-up rather suited "William Hickey"; Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower hid her golden hair under a black wig, with a straight fringe; and the new Lady Poulett looked quite lovely as a very blonde Indian lady.

Towards Morning

IT was late enough for any *sane* person when we left, and yet we had to go and look for a glass of beer at Fusco's, where you can't get one, anyway!

There, when we arrived, we found Mrs. Ali Mackintosh, Lady Carlisle, Mr. Michael Farmer and Sir Robert (jodhpores and all!) in various parties.

Complete "Florence's in Paris" atmosphere, even to girl guest getting up and doing exhibition Charleston by herself! Lady Carlisle, who looks younger and thinner every time we see her, works from nine to six with a film company in some advisory capacity.

Film Finance

WE like the story which concerns the financial methods of English film companies as compared with American. It was suggested that a very well-known actor should play a certain famous historical character.

"How much would he want?" asked one gentleman.

"£100 a day," was the reply.

"But we can't do it in a day," objected the financial expert.

Another Story

LADY MOIRA COMBE told us a delicious story about Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom she met when staying on the Berengaria last week to see the Naval Review. She asked him for two copies of his signature for her autograph-mad children.

"I'd better give you three—one for 'swaps,'" he replied.

MISS PEEPS

Saying "Thank You"

The new ballet, "Les Cent Baisers," met with a very hearty welcome when it was produced at Covent Garden last week. That the appreciation did not stop short at the footlights is proved by this back-stage photograph of Mlle. Nijinska, who was responsible for the choreography, showing her appreciation of the work of Irena Baronova, the prima ballerina, while David Lichine, another of the principals, looks on

Right: Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, who wrote the music for "Les Cent Baisers," discusses the ballet with Mlle. Nijinska during an interval at Covent Garden

In the Audience

Mme. Lubov Tchernichova obviously enjoyed her evening at the first performance of "Les Cent Baisers," at Covent Garden. Patrons of the Russian ballet were present in full force to give a hearty send-off to the evening

Fayer of Vienna—Dorland House

ELENA MIRAMOVA

The Russian-born actress who was educated and first gained experience on the stage in America, where she was originally trained as a dancer. Made her first appearance in London as Grusinskaja, the temperamental dancer in "Grand Hotel," a part created in America by Eugénie Leontovich. She is now playing the trying part of Sally Carroll in "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," at the St. Martin's Theatre, and seems to thrive on the nightly attempts made by Leslie Banks, as Mr. Carroll, to murder her by poison and rope

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley look cool here because they are just arriving

Left : Lady Ilchester had her younger daughter, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, with her, the latter wearing a blue and white dress with the ubiquitous daisy as its pattern

Mr. Carris and Miss Carris were father and sister of one of the Harrow XI.; B. D. Carris only made 11 and 2 for his side, but got the best catch of the first day

Here are two of the coaches, with large but impermanent populations : Lord Stanley's, where his three sons of seventeen, fifteen, and nine were "at home," and Mr. E. C. Wigan's

Sketches by
Clark Fay

ETON

Spectators' P

On the left is Lady Jane FitzRoy walking along by herself with a serious face. Together are Miss Penelope Packe, Sir Edward Packe's elder daughter, and Lady O'Neill in a bonnet

Right : family tea-parties in full swing—the only cool things there were the ices

Below: view of the Pavilion and another of the coaches: its owner, Brig.-Gen. C. G. Rome, used to be at Harrow

Right: Lady Titchfield and her elder daughter, Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, on their way home towards the end of the match — a draw, as usual

and HARROW at LORD'S

oint of View of Two Very Hot Days

Lady Birkenhead and her sister, the Hon. Patricia Berry, went up to Lord's together; both of them looked very neat and attractive in their simply-cut printed frocks

Below, right: Lady Peel (Beatrice Little) was all in dark blue and white; she was escorted by her fifteen-year-old son, who succeeded his father as Sir Robert Peel last year

Below are Lord and Lady Burghley on the second day; Lord Burghley and his father, Lord Exeter, were both at Eton

Photographs by Anthony

Tamara Toumanova

Ballerina of Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes

Toumanova, not yet seventeen, has been dancing in public for nine years—since she made her début in Pavlova's company at the Trocadéro in Paris in 1926. She has been with de Basil's company since its formation (except for a brief spell with Les Ballets, 1933, her first London appearance), and two ballets in their repertoire, "Cotillon" and "Concurrence," were created for her by Balanchine. It is in "Sylphides," in "Choreartium," in the strange, irrelevant pathos of "Concurrence" that one sees the classical beauty of her dancing, flowing, serious, with an undernote of tragedy—in surprising contrast to the brilliant worldliness of her performance in such ballets as "Boutique" and "Bal." At present she is rehearsing "Jardin Publique," Massine's new ballet, in which she will dance with the composer himself

Society's New Film Star

Penelope Dudley Ward is the beauteous and persecuted heroine. The film is "Natacha," a British-made drama of war-time Russia

Brioukow, the Army contractor, played by the Continental star, Harry Bauer, finds life is no bower of roses with his betrothed, Natacha (Penelope Dudley Ward). He obviously does not mind letting his manly emotions get the better of him

Natacha, who has become a Red Cross nurse, receives a little well-meant avuncular advice from her elderly relative, Kovrine (Morton Selten)

Brioukow, now in a less depressed mood, indulges in a little light badinage with the fair Natacha

PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD, who has her first starring rôle in *Natacha*, has already appeared on the screen in the film version of *Escape Me Never*. The twenty-year-old daughter of Mrs. Dudley Ward has always been keen on the films, and is taking her work with all due seriousness. *Natacha* is a strong drama of Imperial Russia which has been directed by Anthony Asquith for London Film Productions, Ltd., and gives Miss Dudley Ward lots of scope for showing her capabilities

ROUNDABOUT

A Gallery of Goings-On

Left: Mrs. Denis Russell, a most attractive young-married, has a son called Anthony, and she and he spend some of the afternoons together in Cadogan Gardens. She was Verena Henderson, and goes racing a good deal

Mother and Son

Ritz Lunch

Above: Lady Warwick and her mother, Lady Rosabelle Brand, had lunch together at the Ritz one day. Lady Rosabelle Brand is Lord Rosslyn's daughter by his first marriage; her first husband was David Cecil Bingham, who was killed in the war

Mother and Daughter

Above: Anne-Louise, in the pram, is Lady Worthington-Evans's younger daughter and was born last year. In home circles, it's understood, she's called "Annielou." Her elder sister, Sarah, is six. Her mother was Joan Pears before she married Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans in 1928; she's always called Sally

Enjoying an "Easy"

Left: Mr. Cyril Simpson (left) relaxes somewhat after the strain of acting as best man at the wedding of Mr. Peter Wellesbourne Kemp-Welsh and Miss Peggy Hunter. He is seen at the Cadogan Gardens reception yarning with Mr. and Mrs. J. Akers-Douglas

Below, left: the Marchioness Townshend and Colonel Sir Percy Laurie, the Assistant-Commissioner of Police, with a distinguished but silent guest at the Crime Club luncheon at Grosvenor House. Were the late-lamented Charles Peace other than a wax figure, enthusiasm for his presence would have waned

At Ranelagh

Above, right: Mrs. Blackisten Houston presents the Subalterns' Gold Cup to Mr. M. H. E. Lopes, the captain of the Royal Scots Greys. By defeating the Queen's Bays by eight goals to seven, they won the cup for the second year in succession

Right: Mrs. Wrenn du Pont and her fiancé, Mr. Leonard Govett, find a pleasant corner at the Café de Paris. Their engagement, which was announced at Whitsun, took place at Le Touquet

Below: Lady Plunket's Chinese make-up suited her very well, and her embroidered coat was a lovely one. With her is Mr. Jim Lawrence, and they were both at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's party

Chinese and Fancy Dress

Facing Landwards at Cowes

Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Sir Philip Hunloke, Capt. Edward Greene, and Mr. Brassey had Cowes for headquarters for the Naval Review, and were photographed landing at the Squadron steps

In the Entr'acte

Mr. G. W. Sevastianov with Colonel and Mme. de Basil at Covent Garden. Colonel de Basil's talented company have put ballet very firmly on the theatrical map this season

First-Nighters at "Les Cent Baisers"

Above: Miss Edith Sitwell takes a brief respite from literature to enjoy the new Russian Ballet at Covent Garden. With her is Mr. Peter Wood

Right: Mme. Alanova, one of the most exquisite dancers of to-day, was at the first night of "Les Cent Baisers." With her are Count Robilant and Mr. Burnside

Engaged

Mr. Frank Furlong and Miss Pamela Kingsmill

Miss Pamela Kingsmill

As the Grand National Winner: Frank Furlong on Reynoldstown

Frank Furlong is having an eventful year, what with winning the National in March and getting engaged in July. He and Pamela Kingsmill announced their engagement last week. He is the elder son of Major and Mrs. Noel Furlong, of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, is twenty-five, and was well known as a G.R. for some years before he promoted himself to fame by riding his father's horse, Reynoldstown, into first place in this year's Grand National. Major Noel Furlong was well known as a horseman and owner in Ireland before the days of the "troubles." Pamela Kingsmill is three years younger than her fiancé, and is the youngest daughter of Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, of Sydmonton Court, Newbury, and Mrs. Redmond McGrath, of Lower Grove House, Hampstead

Women's Golf:

Girls Again—and a Book

By Eleanor E. Helme

A Juvenile Winner

Miss Pemberton (Bramall Park), aged sixteen, with a handicap of 18, winner of the Manchester and District Women's Golf Challenge Cup at Prestbury with a net score of 71

Off to the Antipodes

Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Jessie Anderson, Mrs. Hodson (non-playing captain), Mrs. Walter Greenlees, and Miss Phyllis Wade, the first team of women golfers to represent this country in Australia, at St. Pancras, en route for Tilbury

"So That's What I Do!"

Miss Enid Wilson with her first book, written in collaboration with R. A. Lewis. It dissects golfing faults and suggests remedies in a very thorough and clear fashion

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE we are, round again at July, and entries opening for the Girls' Championship. That is to be played at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th, and the entry form and conditions are on page viii; all of which sounds quite ordinary. But really there is something very exciting about this year's Championship, and that is the Girls'- International, Scotland v. England, which a certain number of competitors will be chosen to play in on the Monday afternoon before the Championship.

Captain John Stroyan, the father of Sheila, who has had very bad luck so far by being ill for two Championships, is a loyal Scot, and, moreover, extraordinarily keen about girls' golf, and anxious to lend a hand. So here he is, presenting a Challenge Cup for this match, and little mementoes to each member of the winning side; and nobody has the least idea what is likely to happen, or even how many a side we shall play this year. It must be in the nature of a trial trip, and when it is over, everybody can fall upon me with suggestions, and I will do my best to carry them out. They will probably fall on me first to rend me to pieces. That is what always happens to selection committees; and for this year, at any rate, I shall have to take that unenviable job upon myself, with little enough to guide me except handicaps, if any, that the players tell me they have. Handicaps, though, are so grossly misleading with young players, who may quite well waste half-a-dozen shots in one bunker, or even do that twice in a round, and so earn a huge handicap, whilst really they are very good indeed when match play is the business in hand and an atrocious hole is no worse than a mildly bad one. All I know is that the reigning champion shall play top, always, and for the rest, well, I will do my best, and hope that everybody will take it as a bit of good fun and excellent practice.

THAT will be on the Monday afternoon. Tuesday will be the medal meeting of the Girls' Golfing Society, which is open to all Girls' Championship competitors, past and present; applications for membership, and starting time, partners, or other little trifles of that sort to be made to Miss Brennan, 21, Westmorland Road, Bromley, Kent, and not to me. And then, on the Wednesday, off we shall go with the Championship itself, everybody thirsting for the blood of Nancy Jupp, who will presumably have grown in size and experience since she took everybody by surprise last year.

It always seems to me that is one of the great things about this Championship: you never can tell. Nothing was further from anybody's thoughts than that a thirteen-year-old golfer should walk off with the Championship at her first attempt, nor, for that matter, that Miss Brenda Norris, who has a nineteen handicap, should be a semi-finalist. The standard of play is so high, and one hears so much about it, that these things are not expected by the outside public. But they do happen, time and again, and because of them it is well worth anybody entering who will be under nineteen on September 6th this year and can persuade an indulgent parent to let them come. Believe me, it is not only the good players who have a good time of it, and some golfing friends of your own age and experience of championship play is no bad thing to take with you when you make the plunge into the big world of grown-up golf.

The "Bystander's"
Girls' Open Championship
Entry Form and Conditions on page viii.

MISS ENID WILSON was once Girl Champion, and now, barring Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch, she is the greatest player Great Britain has produced this century. Incidentally, she is also, at this minute, the amused author—to judge by the photograph—of a quite inimitable book on golf, called *So That's What I Do!* You know yourself to be slicing; you turn up that fault in the index, pin it down to stance or grip or top of the back-swing therein, and then turn up the action photograph showing just the things you must be doing to slice, and, by reading the brief letterpress opposite, find out how it can be cured. It is all extremely easy to follow. Miss Wilson has a very thorough way of looking at things; so has her collaborator, Mr. Robert A. Lewis, and between them an equally clear way of expressing truth. Honestly, I can think of no better way of curing one's own or others' faults than by study of this invaluable book. "Study" sounds dull. On the contrary, when Miss Wilson brought an advance copy of the book to an open meeting the other day, everybody rocked with laughter over it. You see, the joke was to find somebody else's pet fault in one of the photographs and show it to them as their faithful likeness. Miss Wilson went one further, and persuaded each sinner to indict herself by putting her signature underneath the applicable photograph. Now and again the victim disagreed with the diagnosis, and indignantly repudiated the suggestion. I can imagine worse entertainments than that book at a championship evening—and the signatures one might collect would be worth having. Would people be honest? Do they know what they do? I wonder. That piggy-wig's tail of a twiddle; that lurch of the body; that dip at the knees: we all know that others have them; do we recognise them for ourselves? Miss Wilson's book ought to help us to, and the sooner we all know the truth the better for us. Everybody will wish it success, and if anybody suggests that 10s. 6d. is a fat lot for a slim book, I would ask them to try collecting those photographs, getting the right letterpress to each, and then finding out a little about how infinitesimal an amount of a book's published price ever reaches the hapless author. They would get a rude awakening if they knew.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Open Golf Champion

By J. S. F. Morrison

Lucifer Golfing Society Meeting at Walton Heath

Left: L. S. Foster (Royal Calcutta), winner of the Empire Trophy, who returned the best score, 7 up over 36 holes. Right: P. M. Reid (Australia) and R. F. Barr (New Zealand) at the first tee

A Presentation at Porter's Park

Captain F. H. Lawrence (secretary), C. M. Humble (president), James Bradbeer, to whom a cheque was presented in recognition of his services as professional to the Club for thirty years; T. C. Gilson (captain) making the presentation, L. J. Reid, and W. A. Henderson (committee-men) photographed outside the club-house

I FORTUNATELY, am well qualified to write about Alfred Perry, the reigning Open champion, as I have known him for a long time and have played with him in several meetings of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance. I have marked his card in the medal play competitions of this Alliance, which take place in the morning, and he has endeavoured to pull me through the foursomes against bogey, which are played in the afternoon; and on one occasion, if my memory does not fail, his endeavours met with success.

I FIRST met Alfred Perry, who is professional to the Leatherhead Golf Club, at Berlin, when we were both playing in the German Open Championship over the course of the Wannsee Golf Club; he was, at that time, employed by the Malmö Golf Club in Sweden. Very often when a winner has not been advertised before the event which he wins, numerous people state loudly and repeatedly in the clubhouse that he has been very lucky, and that they are greatly surprised at the result. What they usually mean to convey is that they themselves are much better players, and that the result is beyond comprehension. In truth, Perry was no more of a surprise winner than many of his predecessors; good examples of the latter are Sandy Herd, who, when he won the Open Championship in 1902, was one of the very few players using the rubber-core balls; Jack White (1904), Arnaud Massy (1907), Jock Hutchison (1921), who only won because R. H. Wethered penalised himself a stroke by stamping on his ball after walking forward to locate the line to the hole; Jim Barnes (1925), Tommy Armour (1931), and Densmore Shute (1933).

WHY people delight, as I have written before, to disparage the play of a winner, I really cannot understand, but it happens not only in Open Championships but also to just as great an extent in monthly medals and other club competitions. Perry, it is true, was quoted at the attractive price of 66 to 1 in most of the lists with which certain bookmakers delight to circularise those interested in golf. Anyone with a sound knowledge of golfers must have considered these odds liberal, and I understand that some of the winner's friends and some of the members of his home club benefited to no small extent, and presented Perry with a portion of their winnings.

Perry was born at Coulsdon, in Surrey, on October 8th, 1904, and after serving his time as assistant at Chipstead and at Walton Heath, under the great master, James Braid, and after a short time at the golf club at Malmö, obtained the position as professional to the Leatherhead Golf Club. Before he won the last Open Championship, Perry—a fact of which the golfing public appears to be unaware—had put up many fine performances at the game of golf.

HE won the Assistants' Tournament in both 1924 and 1925; he has also won the Surrey Open Championship—probably the most difficult County Championship to win—on no less than three occasions: namely, in 1931, 1932, and 1934. He was defeated by Henry Cotton in the final of the *News of the World* Tournament at Moor Park in 1932. This was just after Cotton had taken to steel shafts, and he stated that they had improved his game immensely: whether they had or not, the fact remains that on this occasion Cotton would have beaten any golfer in the world.

Perry played for Great Britain against the United States in the Ryder Cup match of 1933, when it was played over the course of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club, but he only took part in the foursomes, when he and his partner, A. H. Padgham, lost by the minimum margin to Ed. Dudley and Billy Burke, an ex-Open champion of the U.S.A.

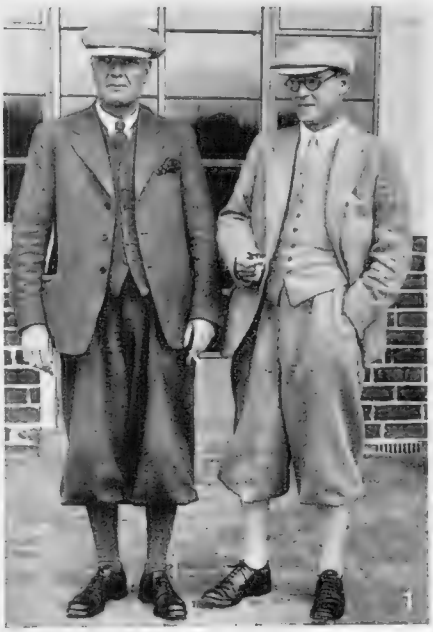
A SHORT description of how Perry plays the game may be of interest. He has the right hand very much under the shaft, and consequently has to guard against a pull; he swings rather flat and wastes no time in making his shots; his back-swing is decidedly fast, but it does not matter, whatever the text-books may say, how fast the back-swing is provided the balance is perfect. Perry is long (no one can win an Open Championship on a modern course if he is not long), but not as long as many of the best players. He was often taking wood for the second shots at holes at Muirfield where Cotton and the longer hitters were getting home with an iron, but, like Miss Wethered, was putting spoon shots closer to the pin than the ordinary mortal does with iron clubs. But what, in my opinion, was the chief cause of his success at Muirfield was his courage, plus his putting. He takes a long grip of the putter and nearly always gives the hole a chance; his play from bunkers in the vicinity of the greens—which, fortunately for him, was seldom required during the Championship—is extraordinarily good, and it is an exception if he does not get down in one putt after playing from bunkers in these positions.

Alfred Perry is a worthy champion, and those who say he is not are either suffering from sour grapes or lack knowledge of the finer points of the game.

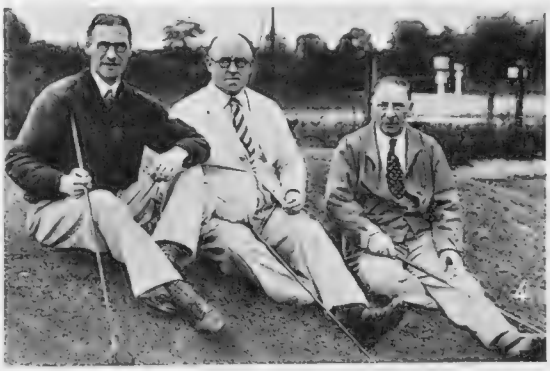
Golf Clubs At Home

Shrewsbury, Meole Brace

A View of the Club-House



(1) W. Hansford (captain), J. R. Riddell (hon. secretary and vice-captain). (2) C. S. Asbury (ex-captain and committee-man), D. Spottiswood and W. J. Jones. (3) S. Knight (committee-man), and J. Price. (4) A. R. Taylor, V. Greenhous and G. Oakley. (5) J. T. Waye, A. H. Howl, F. G. Mansell, G. R. Auchterlonie. (6) L. Savage, C. H. Knill and F. W. Essex. (7) L. A. Paterson and P. G. L. Ireland. (8) H. O. Ashton (committee-man) and H. C. Douglas. (9) Wallace Heath and Cecil Rice-Oxley (ex-captain), two of the oldest members



The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Balkan Batch

By A. G. Macdonell

Left: Lord Dunsany, one of the guests at Heinemann's garden-party, given at Windmill Press, Kingswood, Surrey. Right: Mr. Laurence Whistler and Miss Noel Streatfield, also at the garden-party. The former left Oxford a year ago, and at the age of twenty-three was the first winner of the King's Gold Medal for Poetry

M. Roger Vercel has created a remarkably interesting character in the hero of *Captain Conan* (Constable; 7s. 6d.). The Captain was a little Breton draper whom the war made into the devil of a fighter. He became the leader of a reckless and utterly devoted band of storm-troops, a tigerishly brave soldier and a snakishly crafty one. On the Bulgarian front he performed prodigies of brilliance. Then came the Armistice and the tiger simply could not revert to the draper. Instead, he paced up and down his cage and fretted and fretted until he could stand it no longer, and he began to organise hold-ups in Bucarest, shooting and till-robbing in the approved American method. Then in Bulgaria he flung an elderly civilian downstairs and killed him, and was arrested for manslaughter. Before the trial came on, his regiment was sent into trenches against the advancing Bolsheviks, and he won his pardon by a final feat of gallantry. Years later we catch a last glimpse of him, back at his drapery in Brittany. He is grossly fat, bankrupt, disillusioned, lethargic, bitter. The war destroyed him just as surely as it made him. *Captain Conan* is a hard, bitter book, but it is immensely well worth reading.

"Greek Fire," by Miss Dora Barford (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), is a story about the burning of Smyrna in 1922 and the subsequent history of a young girl who escaped from the disaster. Miss Barford is very good at local colour. Her descriptions of Athens and Greece are excellent, full of admirable phrases and illuminated by careful observation. Unfortunately her story-telling is not on the same level. She is so desperately anxious all the time to have a crack at the Turks that she often holds up the action in order to shoot off some of her propaganda. And often her propaganda is based on very flimsy evidence. For example, she makes great play of the burning of Smyrna by the Turks. But did they burn it? Has it ever been proved? And if the fire was intentional—and has *that* ever been proved?—surely it is far more likely that the Greeks, who were losing the town, should set fire to what they could not keep, rather than the Turks, who had just won this immensely rich prize. Incidentally, I cannot believe in Miss Barford's heroine, whose mother was Greek and whose relations had lived in Asia Minor for generations, but who herself had never heard of the Odyssey.

There is a very nasty spot in the Balkans, and it is all the nastier because there is a newspaper conspiracy of silence about it, which is called Macedonia. The reason for its nastiness is this: the modern Macedonian is a fanatical lover of Liberty, an incredibly brave man, and quite astoundingly stupid. The triple qualities are dangerous. For the Macedonian's sole method of proving that he is worthy of Liberty is to take to the mountains and start a career of assassination and terrorism. The history of these idealistic murderers is rather badly told in *Heroes and Assassins* (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). I say that it is rather badly told because, in a sense, there is a sort of heroism about the Macedonian murderer, just as there was about the Irish murderer during the troubles. Jodov Alexandroff was ready to sacrifice his life for an ideal, and a very fine book might have been written about him and his comitadjis. But Mr. Stoyan Christowe has done his job badly. His book is dull and badly written journalism, and, as a result, the reader's sympathy is turned away from the idealists and concentrated upon the innocent victims of their senseless and sickening outrages. All the same, it is a good thing that this book should have been written. The world ought to know what is going on in this miserable land.

Of all modern super-sleuths, surely the subtlest, the most formidable, the most deadly, is Mr. A. E. W. Mason's Hanaud. He can not only penetrate into the dark recesses of the human heart, but he can also summon the whole machine of justice to his help when it is necessary. He combines the brilliance of the traditional amateur with the method of the traditional professional. In his latest adventure, *They Wouldn't Be Chessmen* (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), Hanaud is at his best. The story is a little involved, and the episodes are, perhaps, somewhat overcrowded, but it is all very exciting and a lot of it is very gruesome. But Mr. Mason is always rather like that, and in his books hideous crimes are not only contemplated and planned, but actually brought off. The story centres round an elaborate plot to rob an Indian princelet of a fabulous pearl necklace and then to blackmail him for ever after. The trouble about the plot was that it was too elaborate, and the pawns in the game simply would not remain pawns. They insisted on playing their own game according to their own rules, and their own game was not the chess that the inventor of the plot intended. Hence the rather curious title.

G. Cornwallis West (the publisher gives no help in determining whether one should write Mr., Mrs., or Miss) has written a book which at least has the merit of sincerity. *The Woman Who Stopped War* (Hutchinson's: 7s. 6d.) is very much in earnest, and for that a lot may be forgiven it. The story is of a young war-widow who believes that only by the direct action of organised women can another war be averted, and she founds the "Women's Save the Race League" for this purpose. But the movement, like so many excellent movements, begins to die for lack of funds, and the heroine determines upon a desperate expedient—at least, it seems desperate to her—in order to save it. She becomes the mistress of an armament-magnate and gold-digs money from him with which to finance her League. She succeeds with astonishing ease and rapidity, and when war is threatened in Europe, the League is strong enough to prevent it by a General Strike of women.

"I Met a Gypsy" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), by Miss Norah Lofts, is an interesting series of sketches, or perhaps they should be called short stories, showing how the gypsy strain came out in succeeding generations of an English family. The interest lies chiefly in Miss Loft's quite admirable style. It is quiet and clear, and polished.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Lenare

There is a military air about this cape in brown and beige check tweed with a saxony finish. The epaulette capelet and stand collar with link buttons are points of interest. It is designed by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, the well-known specialists in sports outfits. Being light in weight, it may be worn over a simple frock or suit on cooler days, while it is quite certain to go up North next month for the Twelfth. The hat which accompanies it is brown straw, with a shiny crown and matt brim. There are also others in felt, tweed and retniw. And now a few words about the Burberry, whose merits have gained such a world-wide reputation. In chilly winds and rain storms, its proofing ensures efficient protection from wet, while the fine, close weaving will keep out the cold. In fact, it has only one disadvantage, and that is it never wears out

Tweeds for the Twelfth

This excellent travelling suit is designed by Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly. It is carried out in Cumberland homespun, showing a diamond weave. The double-breasted jacket has wide stitched revers and gamekeeper's pockets. The latter appear again on the skirt, which is perfectly tailored and has a centre pleat at the back. The plain three-quarter-length swing coat has no collar, and can be discarded on warmer days. In various becoming shades, it costs 13 guineas

When choosing clothes for Scotland or the country, in general it is essential to get something simple and practical. Tweeds, either plain or check, are becoming in soft shades of brown and green, which blend with the scenery. The waistcoat suit on the right may be seen at Fortnum and Mason. In Cumberland homespun, it has a mottled design and costs 9½ guineas. The coat, which combines a waistcoat, has rounded revers, and buttons up to the neck, while the gored skirt is pressed into trouser pleats

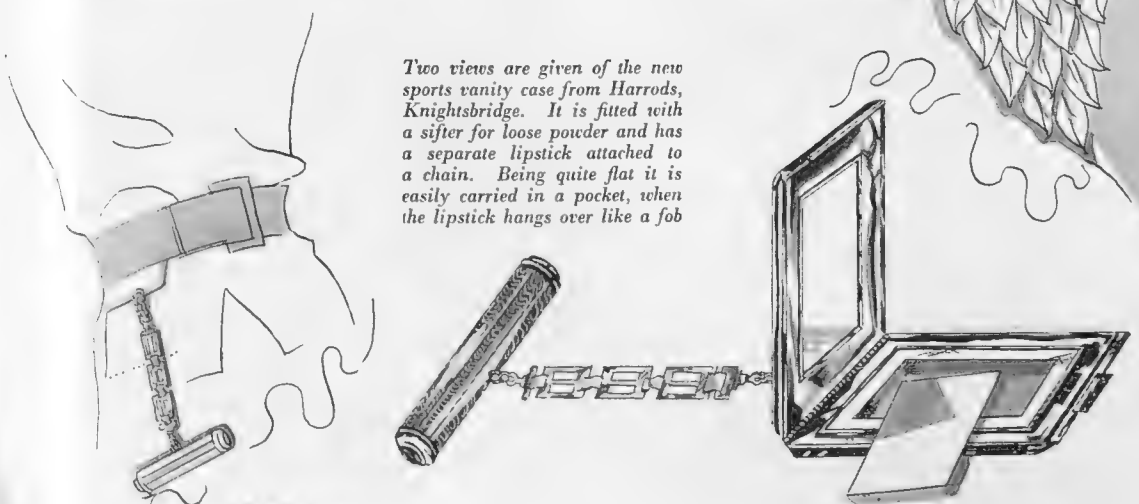
Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

discovered by peter,
pictured by pam.

in search of NOVELTIES

White organdie accessories always look so cool and fresh besides being very fashionable. The collar above is composed of hundreds of small rose petals, while graduated leaves and a large marguerite make the jabot. They may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge



Two views are given of the new sports vanity case from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is fitted with a sifter for loose powder and has a separate lipstick attached to a chain. Being quite flat it is easily carried in a pocket, when the lipstick hangs over like a fob

These coiffures have been created by Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, and Monte Carlo, France. In the first case, curls cluster round the ears and across the top of the head like a cockscomb, while in the second the hair is arranged in sleek waves with a few plastic curls forming a halo across the forehead

There is something different about this necklace from Harvey Nichols as it consists of four separate strings of beads, all held together by a massive old gilt ornament depicting oak leaves and acorns. The bracelet which accompanies it is strung on elastic

Air Power and Airy Nothings

By Charles Ward

Charles E. Brown

A flying fortress goes abroad: the Fairey "Fantome" passing over the cliffs of Dover, en route to Belgium. This 'plane exceeds 250 miles an hour and is armed with four machine-guns, firing together more than 4000 rounds a minute, and a miniature cannon throwing 20 mm. shells

Miss Claire Luce in the pilot's seat of the 180-mile-an-hour Comper "Streak" that has been entered by Flight-Lieut. F. B. Worman for the King's Cup Race. On the left is Mr. Russell Johns, the cabaret artist, who is also keen on flying

The Navy That Flies

WHEN the King reviewed his Fleet twenty-five years ago, only one aeroplane took part in the proceedings, flown by Claude Grahame-White. He appeared, of course, as a civilian, the flight being staged as a novelty, with no naval significance. In the spring of 1911 a few naval officers were ordered to learn to fly, and this was the beginning of the Royal Naval Air Service, which remained a separate entity until April, 1918, when the Royal Air Force was formed. To-day the Fleet Air Arm is the scouting force for the Navy. There are five aircraft-carriers, two of which took part in the Spithead Review, mustering eighty aircraft between them. Twenty other aircraft were carried on battleships and cruisers, fitted with catapult launching gear. A considerable number of naval officers are taught to fly each year, so that the Navy is independent to a certain extent of the R.A.F. for its officer personnel. Naval aircraft consist mostly of reconnaissance 'planes such as the "Seal," torpedo-carriers like the "Baffin" and "Ripon," with two-seater fighters and light bombers of the "Nimrod" and "Osprey" class. The Autogiro, and in a few years time the true Helicopter, will become an important part of naval air equipment. A Helicopter, whose rotating wings can be folded for easy storage, which can rise from a deck vertically, descending later on to the same restricted space, is obviously fitted to become the eyes of the Fleet.

Across the South Atlantic

THERE are now two air mails to South America each week, Wednesday's despatch being via Germany, and that on Saturday, via France. The German mail, which is flown with the two-hundred-mile-an-hour "Heinkel" as far as the Atlantic coast of Africa, provides a service to Gambia, the smallest of our West African colonies. The efficiency of the German service was well illustrated at the beginning of this month, when the flying-boat "Tornado" was compelled to land in mid-ocean. The Commander informed the two German depôt ships that she was landing at 6 a.m., and by 11 o'clock that night one of the ships reached her, transferred the mails to the reserve flying boat carried on board, which was then catapulted from the deck to complete the journey without further incident. During the day, the Graf Zeppelin stood by above the disabled flying-boat, but its assistance was not required. The French service commenced in 1928, and is at present operated with large flying-boats and land-'planes alternately. The French Government has bought two De Havilland "Comets," with the idea of testing them on this route. Obviously, it would be much cheaper to fly the South Atlantic with a small mail-'plane of this type than with a 4000-horse-power flying-boat. The second of the "Comets" delivered to the French Government was flown from London to Paris by Captain Broad in 50 minutes—this is an easy record for the trip.

The Empire Mail

THE size of the Australian Air Mail has increased in one year to the extent expected in six; ample proof that the service is appreciated, in spite of the relatively high cost to the user. The Australian Government is planning a duplicate service as far as Singapore, and is examining a fresh proposal from Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith for a line across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. He proposes to use American "Sikorsky" flying-boats, presumably for the reason that British manufacturers are too busy with orders from the R.A.F. and Imperial Airways to guarantee early deliveries of our own types. There are plans in the air to operate the whole of the Australian line from London by flying-boat, for the very good reason that there is more water to be crossed than land. The African route as far south as Kenya may also revert to flying-boats, which was the original plan of the late Captain "Tony" Gladstone and of Mr. Robert Blackburn, when the North Sea Company first explored the line for its commercial possibilities, in 1924. So far, we have made no use whatever of Malta, an obvious stopping place on the route to the East. It would cost a good deal of money to build breakwaters to form a seaplane base, but such expenditure would be well worth while to make the Imperial route independent of foreign ports.

Flying Round London

HANWORTH celebrated its reopening as a Country Flying Club on Friday last with a gala. After an excellent dinner, a large party danced until the small hours of the morning. Extensions to the original house have made this Club the finest at any aerodrome in England. Fred did a roaring trade in the new cocktail lounge with the Hanworth specials known as "Joy-flip" and "First Solo," airy nothings which proved most exhilarating. Membership of the Club costs five guineas per annum, with an entrance fee of a similar amount. There are "restricted" members who pay a guinea each under these two headings, but such members have to be specially elected by the Committee. On the same day, the directors of Airwork gave a luncheon party at Heston, the principal guest being Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister.

A joy to drive with...

THE NEW ESSO PETROLS give you a new thrill in acceleration, more miles per gallon, and better climbing than ever. They are a revelation in anti-knock. Esso Ethyl, for example, gives knockless running in engines of the highest compression, and astonishing top-gear performance in all cars.

ESSO ETHYL · ESSO BENZOL MIXTURE · ESSO HIGH TEST

ESSO

QUALITY PETROL

For lubrication use Essolube motor oil

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1 *Established 1888*

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Above: E. R. T. Holmes (Surrey's captain) and Miles Howell, also of Surrey, indulge in country-house cricket in the grounds of Penshurst Castle

The A.A.A. Championships

Above: S. C. Wooderson (Blackheath Harriers) providing the biggest surprise of the A.A.A. Championship meeting when beating J. R. Lovelock in the one mile final. Lovelock, with laurels gained in U.S.A. thick upon him, was very much fancied as winner

The New Forest Club Tennis Tournament at Brockenhurst

Left: Miss B. A. James and Miss G. A. Harris, partners in the ladies' doubles handicap; and, right, Captain Sutton with his son, Noel, an active member of the tournament committee, seen complete with umpire's provender

LEEDS would seem to be the bourne from which no England Test captain returns. At any rate, it was the Headingley ground which shipwrecked the hopes of Arthur Carr nine years ago: do you recall how Carr, acting on the advice of the Selectors, put the Australians in to bat, only for Charles Macartney to hit a century before lunch!

And now we find R. E. S. Wyatt facing a storm of criticism over his policy in the match with the South Africans. It is a pretty severe storm, to be sure, and I am wondering just now whether Wyatt will weather it successfully, or whether, as is not unlikely, he will be dropped from the England captaincy. As I write, things do not look too promising for him; though, by the time you are reading this, we may know something definite.

Watching the last mournful hours of the Headingley match was indeed a sad and sorry business. England had a mighty chance to force a victory; all that was needed was yet another burst of that splendidly hostile bowling that had sent the South African batsmen tumbling out, one after the other, in that thrilling second day's play. We knew that big Bill Bowes and the sleek-haired Nichols were capable of doing the trick. We knew, too, that England's fielders were showing us some of their real club form—magnificent, quicksilver fielding which kept the South Africans fighting every inch of the way for runs. We knew, also, that Walter Hammond, back to his best form, might easily go on with the ball and take valuable wickets, for here was the real Hammond at last.

All this we knew, I say, and yet, what did we see? Precious little over which to enthuse. The match was allowed to die out miserably; the bright flame of England's hopes was, in the end, a feeble flicker—and all this, mark you, through a tactical blunder. Yes, there 's no gainsaying it, Wyatt went sadly astray in the handling of his bowlers when South Africa were really up against it in their last innings.

Wyatt rested Nichols and Bowes—the havoc-workers—and put on Sims and Verity. Good bowlers, these, I grant you, but not the men to do the damage against batsmen who were there, and rightly, to save the game and let the run-getting go hang. And so we saw South Africa getting just the type of stuff sent down to them which they wanted.

Look at Verity's analysis: 13 overs, 11 maidens, 4 runs, 0 wickets. Magnificent bowling—that is, if your one aim is to keep the batsmen quiet. But we did not want to keep the South Africans quiet; we wanted them to be forced to play the bowling all the time—and the men for that job were the speed specialists, Nichols and Bowes.

Eventually, Hammond was put on at five o'clock, and he at once got the wicket of the very gallant Bruce Mitchell. Why, oh, why was not Hammond given an earlier spell with the ball? This is one of the many questions which we were asking as we watched the life-blood trickle out of the Leeds Test.

Again, I cannot understand the workings of Wyatt's mind when he fielded Mitchell, probably the best man close in to the bat in the country, out in the "deep."

SO there we are. England, it seems, must look for a new leader. Play Wyatt, by all means, for his brilliant batting—I plump for him every time in any world's team you may think of—but let him be relieved

(Continued on page 172)

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY

Sanderson's

Walling

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 170)*

from the strain and stress of the captaincy. Now, who looks like taking over? Well, there is R. W. V. Robins, for one: the Middlesex amateur is a keen, imaginative skipper, and a splendid bowler and forthright batsman into the bargain. Robins is a fighter all the way. I cannot imagine him going on to bowl full tosses to the South Africans even in the last few hours of a Test doomed to end in a stalemate.

Or, again, there is Errol Holmes, the Surrey captain. Holmes showed his worth quite recently when piloting his county to victory over Kent on the Blackheath ground—the "hated Heath" so far as Surrey are concerned! He handled his bowlers well; he never kept himself on an over too long; he batted soundly and surely against Freeman and Co.—more, his fielding on a grilling first day was, I am assured, an example in enthusiasm to his men. So there we are, Robins or Holmes look to be the most likely men for England's captaincy just now.

AND now let us steer away from the Tests into the calmer waters of county cricket. Straightway I must make reference to a young Kent colt who, if he fulfils his early promise, may well be one of our leading batsmen in the years to come. This young player is Peter Sunnucks, a former Maidstone Grammar School boy, who was first discovered by "Tich" Freeman. Sunnucks, so a very knowledgeable spectator of the recent Blackheath match tells me, has all the strokes. He was a bit unlucky in his first innings, failing to get the ball away when Gover and Watts were bowling at their best, but when Kent were in a bad way he played like a veteran. Watch this Sunnucks closely, he may yet prove one of the best discoveries in recent years.

MEANTIME, with all the interest in cricket, those followers of athletics in this country have had quite a great season. Interest in running just now is all the keener because of the Olympic Games, which are to be held in Berlin next year. It looks, too, as though England have found some really brilliant representatives.

There is Wooderson, whose victory over Jack Lovelock in the mile at the A.A.A. Championship meeting was no fluke. I am not one of those who subscribe to the view that Lovelock was out of form. As I see it, Lovelock, for once in a way, found a rival who could stave off that last brilliant challenge of his in the home straight. Indeed, Lovelock did go ahead, but Wooderson came back magnificently to snatch a great victory by something like a second.

We have not yet seen the best that is in Wooderson. Of that I am sure. He is still quite young, and would now look to be rapidly approaching the peak point in his running career. As it is, I am expecting him to do great things in Berlin next year. If I tell you that Wooderson has already run a mile in 4 minutes 9 seconds, you will, I think, be better able to appreciate his merits; and this, mark you, although he has not been long out of his teens.

ANOTHER young runner in whom we look to have a potential world-beater, is R. Scott, the Public Schools Champion. If he can maintain his form, then Scott is a certainty for Berlin. He is eighteen years of age, yet he can cover the 880 yards in 1 minute 54 seconds! A marvellous time, this.

Scott was magnificent in the A.A.A. half-mile. He was facing established men in the long-striding Stothard and John Powell, yet he pegged away to finish third to them—and a fraction of a second covered the three men at the end!

Yet again, I like the look of the Salford Harrier, W. Roberts, whose thrilling burst of speed surprised all the Continental cracks in the quarter-mile. Yes, England looks to have a splendid chance in the Berlin Olympiad, especially if the intensive coaching of our field events representatives proves successful.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and must be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

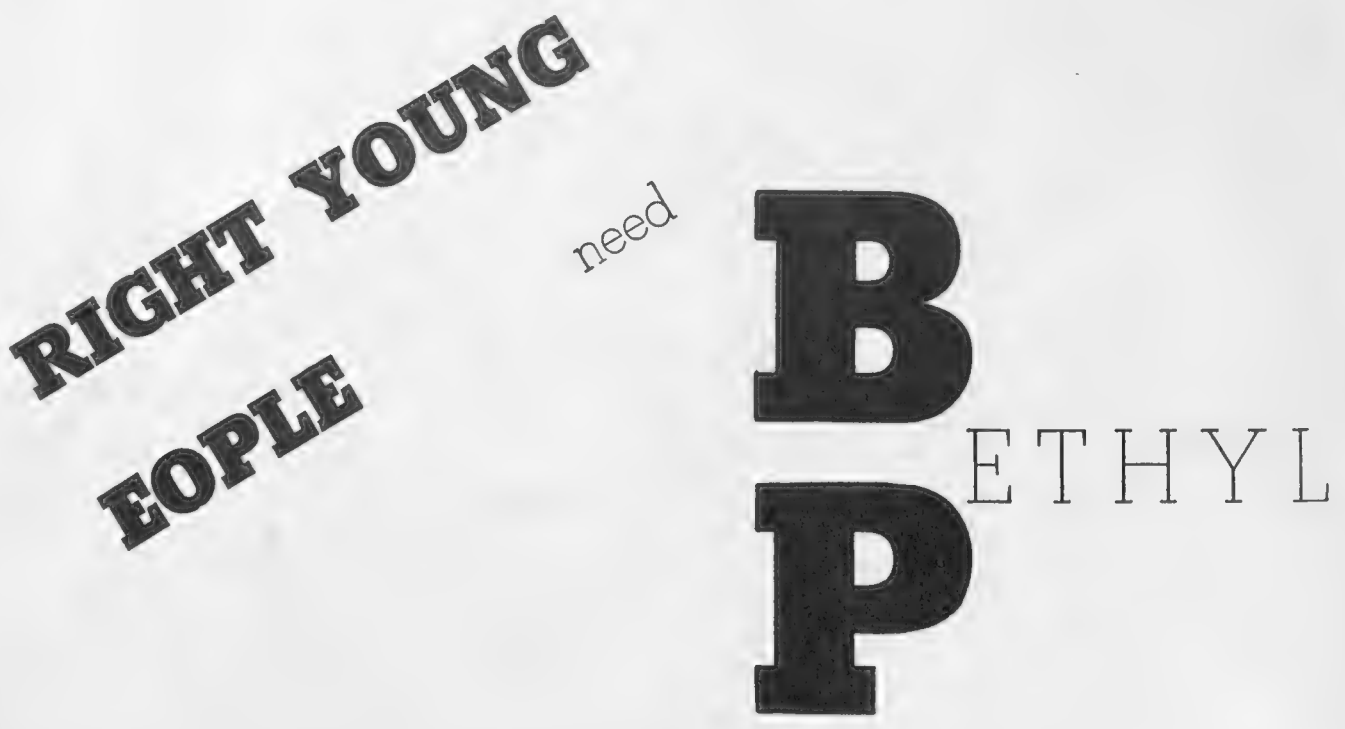
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

No petrol on the market has higher anti-knock value than "BP" Ethyl



G. P. Estab. 1851

HUNTING EQUIPMENT

Come to **George Parker's,** the old-established supply service, and the **actual makers.** Not only will you get the **sterling quality** that gives satisfaction, but you will find **prices surprisingly moderate.**

We hold the largest stock of new and secondhand **saddles** by all London makers, and our super **Horse Clothing** is excelled by none. **Hunting, Polo and Steeplechase Equipment** our speciality.

Below are some suggestions for the Hunting Season.

Description of Goods Illustrated

Yellow hand-knitted string Riding Gloves 4/6 per pair.

Copper Hunting Horn, 15/-.

Wire Cutters in leather case, **18/6** and **22/6** per pair.

Hunting Canteen with bayonet top bottle and fall-back L.I. Britannia metal box. Case chamois lined, measuring 6 ins. by 5½ ins. by 1½ ins., **60/-.**

Lady's or Gent.'s Hunting Whip, plaited leather, with ring, E.P. mount, price **25/-.**

Write for full lists.

GEO. PARKER & SONS

(SADDLERS) LIMITED

ONLY ADDRESS:

14, Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Telephone: **Temple Bar 1164.** *Telegrams:* **"Cavesson, Lesquare, London."**

So refreshing!

is what you're bound to say when you use

Coty

EAU DE COLOGNE

CORDON ROUGE

WHEREVER you may be—in the car, in the bathroom, in the office—always have Coty Eau de Cologne handy. To charm away headaches like magic, to wake up weary feet, to make sure of personal hygiene—in fact, in a dozen and one ways on summer days you'll find Coty Eau de Cologne "SO REFRESHING!"

1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 21/-

Are you using OCRE D'ORIENT?

the Sun-Tan Shade of Coty Face Powder

Soft, clinging, imparting that lovely sun-tanned appearance which is so sought after in the summer months. It is also ideal for blending with your usual shade of Coty Face Powder.

2/3 LARGE SIZE BOX

1/3 HALF SIZE BOX

C. F. H. 35

Ireland WI'

THE BLUE SKY ABOVE IT

Green hills and valleys, silver sheets of water and a wild romantic coast hewn out by the Atlantic—the most romantically beautiful place beneath the sun. Not only beautiful but a fine place for sport—wonderful golf, fishing, bathing, boating, walking. Innumerable delightful resorts with excellent hotels. And a very pleasant voyage—less than three hours from Holyhead to Kingstown or Fishguard to Rosslare.

FAMOUS BEAUTY RESORTS

BALLYBUNION	TRAMORE
KILKEE	PARKNASILLA
LISDOONVARNA	KILLARNEY
BRAY	YOUGHAL
GLENDALOUGH	GLENGARRIFF
AVOCA	SLIGO
ROSSLARE	CONNEMARA
STRAND	GALWAY

Write for the Great Southern Railways' special folders — Seven-day Contract Tickets; "All-in" Tours, including Rail, Motor, Sightseeing and Hotels.

Guides and particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares from L.M.S. Euston; G.W.R., Paddington; G.S.R. (I), Kingsbridge, Dublin, or from any Station, Office or Agency of these Companies.

"BYSTANDER" SHOOTING SECTION

Guns Easier to Load

By Max Baker

A Corner of the Horseshoe Woods, Sandringham

From the water-colour by R. Ward Binks, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1

One of the things that is supposed never to alter is again undergoing profound change. The sporting gun has the peculiar knack of satisfying us one moment that it has reached such finality of design that there is nothing left to improve, and the next introducing us to some unfamiliar feature which negatives all previous assurances. For instance, we are only just emerging from the battle of barrel lengths, and, as usual, with some uncertainty as to who or what has won. Apparently, the lanky ones have been definitely discarded, and selection is now confined to some shorter length that ensures extreme handiness.

Just to keep things moving, as it were, a new question has been raised: Is the ultra-perfect gun really as perfect as we have been led to suppose? the doubt in question being whether it opens as nicely as it should. As with all else connected with guns, and, for that matter, most other hand-made articles, the problem is as old as the hills, as are some of its possible solutions. For instance, there is no easier-opening gun in the world than the Purdey. Till very recently there was just this gun and the other kind: it had but one advocate, whereas the many sponsored the rival system. The latter's argument, put briefly, was: What you lose on the swings you gain on the roundabouts. Boiled down to elementary mechanics, this means that while the Purdey gun jumps open so easily, like a door urged by wind pressure, the reverse movement of closing has to be effected against that same resistance. That Purdey's have held their own, which is a very big own, against such formidable competition is a tribute to the soundness of their scheme of mechanism which places it above criticism. The "others" have comforted themselves with the reflection that only one firm could make it. Briefly, this mechanism is so arranged that no work is done in the act of opening the breech; in fact, the process is assisted by spring force. True the hammers are cocked, but not in the ordinary sense, for their springs remain inert during the cocking, and do not receive compression till the act of closure. Thus we have a gun whose chambers gape widely open to receive their fodder, no less eager and accommodating than the elephant waiting for buns. All of which helps the loader, though at the cost of demanding from him a special knack in the closing. Certainly there is no fumbling.

Now, with ordinary guns there always has been a certain amount of difficulty about keeping some of them quite wide enough open to receive the cartridges. This is because the hammers have to be cocked during the opening process, actually the logical time, because the weight of the barrels assists. The snag is that the hammers must be cocked just before the breech is wide enough open to admit the cartridges. Were it otherwise, the gun might get loaded on uncocked hammers. To cut down the safety interval to an unnoticed minimum is a fine feat of adjustment, and one not always accomplished. What is more, time and wear are liable to upset the niceties involved. At the extreme of badness, which is not too rare, the gun, properly opened in the first place, wobbles just enough in its joint to close a trifle, and so forbids cartridge insertion. In such cases, it has to be opened afresh and held there. If a practised gun-user makes the test delicately, he may discover why at critical moments his loader loses valuable seconds.

(*Continued on page* ii)

H. M. BATEMAN'S SHOOTING MAXIMS . . . No. 2

Ask your host before you bring a dog

we add—don't fail to bring

ELEY-KYNOCH CARTRIDGES

SKEET.

Game Shooting starts soon and SKEET is a cheap and valuable form of practice. A descriptive booklet and details of where you can try SKEET will be sent on application. Please write to the Clay Pigeon Shooting Department, Room 1711, Imperial Chemical House, Millbank, S.W.1

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

"BYSTANDER" SHOOTING SECTION

Game Prospects for 1935

By Edgar Page

(Editor of the "Gamekeeper")

Above: a water-colour by Philip Rickman, entitled "Autumn Hedgerows," reproduced by the courtesy of the artist and the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

Left: another water-colour by Philip Rickman, entitled "Driven Grouse, Fotheringham," also reproduced by the courtesy of the artist and the Greatorex Gallery, where the 16th Annual Exhibition of Mr. Philip Rickman's work, so beloved of sportsmen, will take place in the autumn

For the past few seasons it has been my privilege to write this article, and hitherto the task has presented few difficulties: on this occasion, however, game prospects are by no means so easy to foretell, and I approach the subject the more keenly because of the element of doubt that exists as to the populations and conditions of our game birds for 1935.

The spring of this year gave us prolonged cold easterly winds—that kind of weather which stays the growth of all plants and grasses and destroys much of their food value and their attractiveness for insect life: then the month of May laughed at us with its bitterly cold winds and its heavy snowstorm on the 16th, 17th, and 18th. Never before have I seen great plantations of oak and beech blackened by frost as I witnessed this year in Wales the days following that storm. From the far north to south the whole country suffered like conditions, and the hope for good game stocks began to become as black as the frosted oak woods.

The real sufferer among game birds is the wild pheasant. Early eggs were frosted and the fertility of all eggs was below the average. I was informed in Scotland by many men who knew the facts each of his own district that "wild pheasants were a wash-out." I do not accept that extreme and pessimistic view, but must confess that wild pheasants will prove a poor crop. But "it 's an ill wind, etc.", and a bad year with wild birds will bring home to many syndicates that game stocks do not go on for ever, and the wiser policy is to replenish stocks year by year by some hand-rearing, even if only of a few birds. In many areas sport is dwindling, for so many shoots are shot bare and left with the hope of another shoot being found with wild game.

The birds on the rearing-fields, the hand-reared pheasants, were helped through the inclement weather of mid-May by good "gamekeeping." The keepers had a difficult task, for the young chicks did not "come away" well: rain and cold, and absence of insect life had to be met by the best of foods and incessant care. Apart from such difficulties, all really incidental to the task of hand-rearing pheasants, I have heard of no catastrophies. There should be good sport with pheasants on all well-keepered and stocked shoots.

Strange to say, the prospects for big partridge stocks are very good. With the exception of certain districts visited by floods in June and part-July, the worst of the weather had passed just prior to the partridges going down—in other words, prior to the hen partridges sitting. Big stocks in the spring were reported to me in every county I was able to visit: even Norfolk and Suffolk seem to be the happier as regards partridges. Stocks were good and clutches much above the average and the hatch satisfactory. The birds "have run": whether the partridges will be found when the harvest is cleared no man at this moment can foretell. Still, just watch young partridges running happily through thick grasses or at the edge of the corn crops: they are in much the same position as we human beings are if moving through jungle; able to find shade and protection and sun-glades; with the partridge its natural foods are there for the hunting, and fond parents care for it. Floods, hailstorms, and vermin are its dangers. Here and there gentlemen are taking more interest in the hand-rearing of partridges and there appears to be a steady increase in that method of ensuring future stocks. Not all gamekeepers understand the correct handling of the partridge: those men who are up against the task of hand-rearing partridges without previous experience would do well to seek the advice of the well-known game-food manufacturers or approach the

(Continued on page iv)

CHARLES HELLIS & SONS, LTD.

121/3 EDGWARE ROAD - LONDON, W.2

Builders of High-Grade

SPORTING GUNS

at strictly reasonable prices

From **£25** to **£100**

LOADERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS

GUARANTEED ACCURACY CARTRIDGES

From **12/6** to **18/-** per 100

OUR PRACTICAL AND TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE IS AT YOUR SERVICE

Lists on Application

Telephone : PADDINGTON 6602-3

Telegraphic Address : TRAJECTORY-PHONE, LONDON

Here's a Gun that has shooting qualities you will respect

Non-ejector **13** gns.

Ejector models from **16** gns.

B.S.A. Guns are hard-hitting guns designed to give first-class shooting under all conditions.

The Gun illustrated is fitted with 25-in. barrels, which give remarkable lightness forward. This Gun handles delightfully, comes quickly to the shoulder, and swings easily from cover to cover.

In the field B.S.A. Guns will prove by consistent first-class shooting that it is **not** essential to pay a high price to get a thoroughly dependable gun.

The performance of B.S.A. Guns is so outstandingly good that it will command the respect of all sportsmen.

Use a B.S.A. Shot Gun

May we send you a copy of the B.S.A. Gun Catalogue? It illustrates and describes the complete B.S.A. range. Address your card to-day to B.S.A. Guns Ltd., 126, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

Appt. By Appt.

PURDEY

Makers of the Original Easy-Opening Gun

James Purdey & Sons, Ltd.,
Gun, Rifle Manufacturers,
57, Sth. Audley St., London, W.1
Tel.: GROSVENOR 1801.

SEND FOR ROUTE MAP

WEST LONDON SHOOTING GROUNDS

Next Northolt Aerodrome.

Visits to this ground are an indispensable auxiliary to the sport of shooting.

The practice available dispels all doubt as to form and condition.

Address: **NORTHOLT, GREENFORD, MIDDX.**

Telephone or wire to: Perivale 3771

BY APPOINTMENT

CHURCHILL Gunmaker

Specialities

A real self-opening gun of new design, built to order in all models, from £45 to £120.

THE "XXV" GUN

12-bore Featherweight for the new 2 inch cartridge, or for the standard 2½ inch, from 5 lbs. weight.

LENGTH OF BARREL TO REQUIREMENTS

THE GUN CLUB

adjoining Crayford Station and within 30 minutes of Town, has over sixty shooting stands giving every variety of shot. Gunfitters and coaches always in attendance. Terms moderate

For further particulars please write:

32, ORANGE ST., LEICESTER SQ. LONDON, W.C.2

The "ROYAL BREVIS"

Regd.

New Model 12-bore Gun with "Self-Opening" Action (Pat.). Weight 6 lbs. 2 ozs. to 6 lbs. 6 ozs.

Stock measurements and length of barrels to suit individual requirements.

May be tried at our Badminton Shooting Grounds, Northwood, Middlesex.

Descriptive booklet on application to

HOLLAND & HOLLAND, Ltd.
98, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1

Gunmakers by Appointment to His Majesty King George V.

WESTLEY RICHARDS

invite Sportsmen to inspect their Guns and Rifles, made in all bores and for all purposes.

A WIDE CHOICE and Good Value

Descriptive Brochures on Guns, Rifles and Cartridges free on application.

23, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO. LIMITED.

LIGHT-WEIGHT GREENER GAME GUNS

Perfectly Balanced, Artistically Finished, Moderate in Price

DELIVERED FROM STOCK OR BUILT TO ORDER

Catalogue of Guns and Cartridges Free

W. W. GREENER, LTD.
Gunmakers
40, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1
ST. MARY'S ROW, BIRMINGHAM, 4

Below: adjusting the try-gun so that it fits the length of the forearm to a fraction of an inch. Both the pictures on this page appear by courtesy of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News"

Tailoring for a Gun

Measuring the length of the shooter's forearm at the West London Shooting School, Greenford Middlesex

Guns Easier to Load

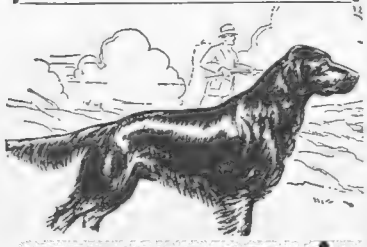
(Continued from page 174)

SINCE there can be no gainsaying the advantage of loading without fumbling, the recent move towards what is called easy opening can be commended in all sincerity. The very fact of getting sportsmen critical in this regard will go a long way towards promoting the remedy. Erring mechanism can, in some cases, be improved by fitting new limbs to replace those reduced by wear and repeated adjustment, but these efforts are mere scratching at the sore now that a positive remedy is available. Easy opening in its modern form does not alter the sequence of operations, nor does it fundamentally change the character. It merely supplies the most desirable amount of spring assistance to the opening and holding open of the breech for cartridge insertion. Of necessity there is a corresponding addition to the effort required for closing. The net result is a positive gain, inasmuch as the gun has not to be held in a special way to keep it open, nor can it, on occasion, waste valuable moments.

I ONCE bitterly offended a gunmaker when examining his invention by remarking: "There are more ways of killing a duck than drowning it," implying that, although he did the thing a certain way, there might be others equally effective. In this, the latest effort to improve the mechanism of guns, there may be a dominating master patent, or, what amounts to the same thing, an exclusively best way of doing the trick, which is the property of one firm, and one firm only. Time alone can show. Meanwhile, there is no doubt that a new need has been defined and that the best brains in the gun-trade are at work to supply it. For the sportsman there is the interesting task of comparing one with another and bestowing his patronage according to the opinion formed.

MY own modest observations on the subject may be said to have begun about a dozen years ago, when I had a gun made to carry out a very simple idea. All I wanted was to retain the breech in wide-open position when once it had been brought there. By a more or less obvious reshaping of the front "lump" I kept the locking-bolt, and therefore the top lever, stationary till the hammers were cocked. Then, and not till then, the bolt, with its connected top lever, was allowed to move forward the necessary trifle to hold the gun open. Perhaps I ought to explain that the "lumps" are the hooks beneath the barrel by means of which locking of the breech is effected; also that the extra metal left on both of them added materially to strength. This alternative for easy opening is only mentioned to show that the problem of the moment is capable of diverse solutions. That a need exists is undoubted. M. B.

For dogs "on active service"



SPRATT'S

MEAT-FIBRINE

DOG CAKES

give Health & Energy

There's nothing like Spratt's for making a dog into a willing worker. These hard-nourishing biscuits build just that energy of mind and body which ensures enthusiastic co-operation. Try your dog on a diet of Spratt's Dog Cakes—you'll be amazed at his increased keenness, alertness and staying power.

FREE—Spratt's "Guide to Dog Management," containing 100 pages of valuable information on the training, care and conditioning of all breeds.

Write to:—SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

For all game & all weathers

Treated with a patented wet-proof process Remington Game loads are impervious to the severest weather conditions. Scientifically made and thoroughly tested to produce proper velocity and pressure, there is a special load for each species of game. Your dealer sells them at competitive prices.

Supplied in 6 loads: Hare, Duck, Heavy Duck, Partridge, Pheasant & Snipe.

Remington

Wetproof 'NITRO CLUB' GAME LOADS

COGSWELL & HARRISON LTD.

ESTAB. 1770

Makers of Best Guns

'VICTOR' 'PRIMIC' 'CROWN'

SIDELOCK GUNS

100 Gns. 80 Gns. 50 Gns.

Light Weight combined with Strength.

Easy Open — Fitted with "LONGFORT" (Regd.) Breech Action. The strongest action to-day—without added weight. — Easy Close

168, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

94, Queen St., Exeter. 26, Av. de l'Opera, Paris

GUNS + RIFLES

AMMUNITION, Etc.

A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK TO SELECT FROM.

12-BORE EJECTOR GUNS

£17 10s., £25, £30, £35, £40, £75, £90 each

12-BORE NON-EJECTOR GUNS

£11, £12 10s., £14 10s. each.

GUN FITTING, ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

A fully Illustrated List post free on application.

Coaching and Fitting by P. D. JACK, at the Shooting School.

ARMY & NAVY STORES, Ltd., Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

FONTORICE

To the Connoisseur, the secret of the fascinating difference between an ordinary Cocktail and perfection is

FONTORICE FRENCH VERMOUTH

Obtainable at the leading Wine Merchants and Stores. Shipping Agents — Cock, Russell & Co., Mark Lane Station Buildings, London, E.C.3.

HEALE Patent No. 411437

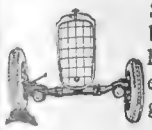
SELF LOCKING ONE-PIECE Semi Stiff Collar

SOLD EVERY WHERE Price 1/- EACH

Stocked in quarter sizes

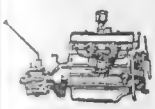
If any difficulty in obtaining, write to F. R. HEALE & SON, LTD., READING

INDEPENDENT SPRINGING



Smoothes out bumps and pot-holes and changes riding into gliding.

LIVELY PERFORMANCE



Fine acceleration and speeds up to 65 to 70 m.p.h. with both 12 and 14 h.p. models.

CRUCIFORM FRAME

with extra rigidity as a sturdy foundation for long life.

EASY-JACKING

No mess, no effort changing a wheel with the Vauxhall Light Six easy jacking system.

SYNCHRO-MESH

Gives a faultless gear change every time. Vauxhall were British pioneers of this.

LUXURIOUS COMFORT

Deep form-fitting seats, real leather upholstery with ample head and leg room.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

All the fresh air you want without draughts or rain beating in — a special Vauxhall feature

BUILT-IN LUGGAGE PLATFORM

and spare wheel container. Panel can be fixed horizontally to form spacious luggage grid.

Vauxhall Owners tell of new motoring values

THOUSANDS of motorists—having driven the Vauxhall Light Six—are enthusiastic owners. From the first they experienced the gliding smoothness of independent front wheel springing, the smooth speed of the engine, the sureness of the brakes, the ease of driving. They admired the inviting, roomy, relaxful interior, the sanely modern lines. Months of driving have in no way diminished their ardour. See what just three—out of hundreds—say—after the practical test of ownership . . .

"...the best value on the market . . . a car in which many minor details add to the comfort of passengers and the owner driver alike."—*Morecambe.*

"...I have owned numerous makes of cars in 20 odd years' motoring, but I feel I have never had equal value for money in any other make of car."—*Salford.*

Sir Malcolm Campbell writes in 'The Field', May 18th, of his new Vauxhall Light Six. "I am delighted with its general performance. One of the principal advantages is the increased riding comfort now obtained, which is undoubtedly gained by the independent front-wheel suspension."

From which you will gather that the Vauxhall Light Six is a quite remarkable car. But—you must try it for yourself. Ten minutes at the wheel will upset all your previous ideas on value for money in motor cars. This is Vauxhall National Demonstration Month and your local dealer will delight in providing the opportunity.

Standard Saloon (12 h.p. only) **£205**. All other models 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. De-Luxe Saloon, sliding roof, No-Draught Ventilation, etc. **£225**. Coupe, sliding roof and No-Draught Ventilation, **£245**.

YOU CAN ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE NOW. Due to its outstanding popularity, the present Vauxhall Light Six (D Series) will be continued in its present form during next season.

Vauxhall Light Six

Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton, Beds. Wide range of models on view at 174/182 Gt. Portland St., London, W.1

● "BYSTANDER" SHOOTING SECTION

Game Prospects for 1935

(Continued from page 176)

management of the Knebworth Game Research Estate.

THE mention of vermin reminds me of a state of affairs existing in special areas in all parts of the country, widely separated: in these special areas I can see little hope of wild game stocks increasing; gamekeepers thereon are few and far between; there is no one to check either the excess population of rabbits or foxes; every man on the land is his own pot-hunter; higglers and poachers run almost free, and vermin have the upper hand of all game. Shall I be raising a hornet's nest about my ears if I say that I find these conditions, in the main, in South Wales, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall? The real cause of these bad conditions for game is the absence of the keeper: or, to be more correct, the real cause is economic stress preventing the employment of keepers. I could mention several possible remedial measures, but they hardly fall within the scope of this article.

"Over the Oak Tops"

A water-colour study of pheasants in flight by Philip Rickman, reproduced by kind permission of the artist and the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1

AND now, what of the grouse? It is only natural for sportsmen to desire some news from the moors late in July or early August, but that implies gathering and writing the information about a fortnight before it is possible to obtain final evidence, and this year the forecasting of the prospects is a problem. The past two seasons have been exceptionally good: last year, unfortunately, very inclement weather throughout the north prevented very many of the big drives from taking place: the bags which might have been made were not made, and heavy stocks of birds were left. The prolonged easterly winds and the May storm already referred to proved a decided set-back; but, on the other hand, this set-back may prove a blessing in disguise: too many moors carried too many birds. Personally, I am not very concerned as to the bad spring period, though I can well sympathise with the moorland keeper who finds nest after nest spoilt. A moorland keeper made the remark that "If the grouse could survive such weather [as experienced this spring], then, indeed, it must be a hardy bird." Fortunately, it is a very hardy bird, and I think the main result of the inclement weather periods will be good

(Continued on page vi)

This IS refreshing

MARTINI AND SODA

Mix this drink yourself: a large tumbler of MARTINI or DRY MARTINI Vermouth, with Soda to your own particular taste—drink ice-cold.

Cooling—stimulating, and Ho! The feeling of well-to-do-well-being even on the hottest day.

Have a glass now . . . and then another!

LOOK FOR THE NAME

MARTINI

MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI AND ROSSI TURIN . . . ITALY

France offers us the Produce of her Choicest Vineyards

Golden Guinea

French SPARKLING MUSCATEL

THE ROYAL WINE FOR ALL ROYAL FESTIVITIES

Obtainable at all Leading Hotels, Restaurants & Wine Merchants

HAIR BEAUTY ASSURED

Well rub into the roots of your hair every day a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL. This will promote the growth, keep it in perfect condition and impart to it a lovely glossiness. It does not make the hair sticky.

Send for Free Booklet on the hair.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.

22, LAYSTALL STREET, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1.

AT EVERY "MEETING"

Player's Please

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 FOR 11½d.

N.C.C.288A

● "BYSTANDER" SHOOTING SECTION

Shooting North of the Tweed

A typical Aberdeenshire moor—high grouse going over a butt on the shoulder of a hill. The shoot is on Edinglassie, the Rt. Hon. H. J. Tennant's place on Strathdon

Game Prospects for 1935

(Continued from page iv)

and poor sport in patches. I am more concerned with the rumours of disease. It was in April in the south-west of Scotland that I first heard mention of disease. Then, later on, at the end of June, I met with all kinds of alarming reports to the effect that right across from the Pentlands, the Lammermuirs, through Lanarkshire to the south-west, disease existed, and that Perthshire was not escaping. After hearing this disturbing news I spoke to about eighty or ninety moorland keepers representing some of the finest moors of the north. One by one I was able to discuss in private the conditions then ruling. Generally speaking, the clutches have been well up to the average, and the hatch was good. Certain localities suffered. Diseased birds have been found, but even if one adds ten birds diseased for every carcase found the number assumes a very small proportion of the stock on the moor in question. I could hear of no case where disease was rampant. Then again, on two of the finest Perthshire moors the birds have been reported in excellent condition and numbers; Banffshire and Morayshire are looking forward to a bumper season, and taking the Grampians as a whole, very fair sport is possible, with that patchiness which adds a little pleasing speculation to the season's success. On a Yorkshire moor I had full evidence of excellent prospects.

The moors have let well, and once again the need is for sportsmen to shoot hard and often, consistent with the leaving of a safe stock. E. P.

Important Accessories For All Occasions

THE importance of well-cut shoes cannot be over-estimated, as it affects not only a woman's appearance, but her health and general well-being. Badly-fitting shoes will destroy a graceful poise and upset the digestion; it may either be that they are too short or so cut that they do not grip the foot, but let it slide forward. The eyes, too, are affected, and this may sound impossible, but in cases where pressure is brought to bear on the hyper-sensitive nerves in the toes, it will frequently react on the sight. In fact, as somebody once said, shoes should fit like gloves, and this is what they do at H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street. For sports wear Raynes have designed the brogues at the top left-hand corner of the page. These are made in pigskin and chamois leather with perforated "punching" and low Cuban heels. The gloves which accompany them have pigskin backs and chamois leather palms, diagonally stitched to ensure a firm grip. This firm are making a special feature of gloves, bags and shoes all being made to match. Suède is used for the set in the centre above. The shoes are perfectly balanced, with Louis heels and short vamps, which makes the feet look small. Stitching is introduced for decorative purposes, also in the gloves, which are enlivened with a small frill. The oval bag is lined with moiré and fitted with several pockets, as well as a powder puff and purse. Then, for warm days, there are the sandals in the top right-hand corner, and the blue-and-white calf shoes below. The former are made in a heavy-weight tussore silk, with kid strapping in contrasting colours.

KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECHES

THE RECORD OF THE SILVER JUBILEE

Special Limited
LIBRARY EDITION
individually numbered
and bound in Leather

Compiled by permission of H.M. the King, this work includes in its fifty-six pages the full text of His Majesty's Speeches and the Jubilee Addresses and broadcast messages. It is illustrated throughout with full-page plates on art paper.

A limited supply of a special Library Edition has been prepared. Copies are available at 10/6 each, Post Free 10/9 These are individually numbered, and bound in Blue leather, with the Royal Coat of Arms and the titles embossed in gold.

The proceeds from the sale of every copy will be devoted to King George's Jubilee Trust.

Orders for this special Library Edition may be sent by post, using the Order Form below.

To: The Editor, His Majesty's Speeches, King George's Jubilee Trust, 10, St. James's Square, S.W.1.

Please send me by return "His Majesty's Speeches."

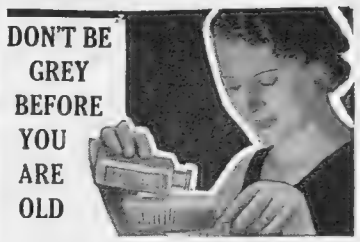
.....copy(ies) Library Edition at 10/9 each, post free, for which I enclose remittance value _____

Cheques or Postal Orders should be sent crossed and made payable to: "King George's Jubilee Trust." Write Below Clearly in Block Letters.

NAME .....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

Date ....



Grey hair does not come from age. It indicates that the sebaceous glands, which supply the hair with colour pigment, have ceased to function. The vital secretion of the sebaceous glands is a waxlike substance called cholesterol, and it is this which feeds and stimulates the hair. Without cholesterol the hair soon becomes enfeebled and eventually grey.

RESTORENE, the successful hair tonic, contains cholesterol in solution so that it reaches the roots of the hair and augments the secretions of the failing sebaceous glands; thus restoring the hair to its original health and vigour.

In addition to cholesterol RESTORENE contains valuable ingredients which stimulate the glands so that the original health and colour are not only restored, but also maintained in a perfectly natural way. Dyeing the hair, an unsatisfactory and sometimes dangerous proceeding, is no longer necessary.

RESTORENE will remove scurf and stop irritation in a few days. Don't wait for your hair to lose its health—keep it in condition with RESTORENE.

READ THESE TWO OPINIONS OF 'RESTORENE.'

"I have tried your magic RESTORENE nightly for five weeks. Now I am using it twice a week and am delighted with the effect as the hair is getting back its nice colour again and growing so much new hair, of which quite a lot is dark. It makes the hair so fine, and washed with the lovely Pine Leaf Shampoo makes it so easy to do up. The two together make it shine, and the only word for it is glamorous. I know you will be interested to hear of my success, for which many thanks to you. I enclose cheque and order form for another 8/- bottle and 2/6 for Pine Leaf Shampoo." (Signed) Miss B.B.

"Kindly send me another bottle of your Restorene Hair Tonic for grey hair. I find it has very much improved the condition of my hair."
Yours faithfully, (Signed) E.N.D.

RESTORENE HAIR TONIC—8/- per bottle (one month's treatment). Small size 4/8 per bottle. Post free in plain wrapper. Write for free folder, "Why You Should Not Dye Grey Hair."

Obtainable only direct from
The RESTORENE Co. (Dept. C), 23, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

DEAFNESS

trouble your 'Show' costs?

Front seats—that means less visits to the Front seats at the Cinema—cheaper, but attention to the eyesight. Let VIBRAPHONE help you to hear NORMALLY. Quite semi-electrical; practically invisible. No wires, or any attachments.

Write, 'phone or call for Booklet and details of 30-day Trial Offer.

Consultations 9—6.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 43, Triumph House, 189, Regent St., London, W.1. (Regent 5630).

VIBRAPHONE

CÆSAR'S WIFE—A MATTER OF COLOUR

By C. AMBLER.

Copies in full colour, on plate sunk mounts (actual size of picture 15 × 10½), at 5/- each.
Copies signed by the artist 10/- each.

Postage in each case 6d. extra.

Or framed complete in best quality ½" Polished Black Moulding, as shown above, with Plywood back and glass. Size over all 20¾" × 16¼". Packed in Wooden Crate and Carriage Paid in Great Britain and Ireland (excluding the Irish Free State) 10/6 each.

Or copies signed by the artist 15/6 each.

Orders with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, 346 STRAND, W.C.2.

ALL that poor children wish for . . . plenty of sand, the sparkling magic of the sea—the taste of salt in the air . . . Please send them to "Dreamland"

£5 means a fortnight of real health-giving holiday—sun and sea—for three poor children and their mother. Will you send a gift now for the Fresh Air Fund to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY
FRESH AIR HOMES

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY
7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (17th Year)

Scratch Match-play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 4th, 5th and 6th. No Qualifying Round.

September 2nd.—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 3rd.—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The Girls' Open Championship is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 6th, 1935.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Monday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 5th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 2nd, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1935, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, and replica to each member of that team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

BAYLIS HOUSE HOTEL, STOKE POGES LANE, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 15s. per day or 12s. without lunch.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 12s. per day, or 10s. 6d. without lunch

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

17th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1935

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Monday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss .....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth ..... *Club (if any).* .....

Handicap (if any) .....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England,

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply

SPEND the SUMMER at the HOTEL

MIRAMAR in BIARRITZ

and on your way stop in PARIS

at the CALIFORNIA or ROYAL MONCEAU HOTELS

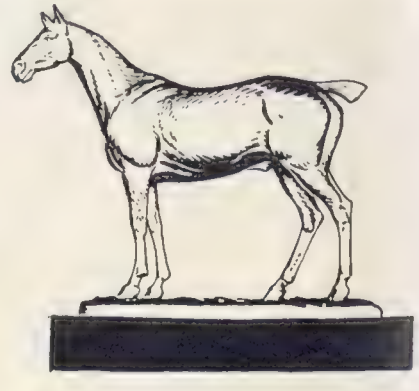
16 rue de Berri. 35 Avenue Hoche.

"MELTON MOWBRAY"

A beautiful bronze by Phyllis Bone, modelled after a superb painting by John Ferneley of Melton Mowbray, dated 1826, of a Hunter of the period.

The height of the bronze, without plinth, is 6 inches.

Price £9 9 0 *Carriage free*



To be obtained exclusively from

THE SPORTING GALLERY

7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON

THE BYSTANDER,

346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Revised from January 1, 1935.)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
INLAND ..	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s. 8d.	£1 11s. 4d.	15s. 9d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Bystander*, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER *weekly for* .....

months commencing with the issue of .....

for which I enclose .....

Name ..... *Address* .....

..... *Date* .....1935.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

THE COMPLETE HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

by

BRONNLEY

BRONNLEY'S BATH SOAP

Bronnley's Bath Soap is the acme of perfection in the art of soap making. Super-creamed and perfumed with subtle odours, it imparts a loveliness to the complexion.

BRONNLEY'S ENGLISH FERN, VERBENA, and SANTAL odours are established favourites.

9½d. per tablet.
4/6 per box of 6.

BRONNLEY'S CREAM

Use Bronnley's Cream by day and by night, it is soothing and protective. The pure face cream basis aided by the beautifying properties of the lemon will vitalise your skin and keep it white and smooth.

DAY CREAM and NIGHT CREAM
10½d., 1/3, 2/6.

BRONNLEY LONDON

10 for 6d
20 for 1/-
30 for 1/6

If you are positive that some other cigarette than Carreras Virginia is the last word that will ever be spoken so far as smoking is concerned, there is nothing more to be said. And yet—perhaps—you might be missing something.

You may like Carreras better

As good as 150 years' EXPERIENCE *can make them*

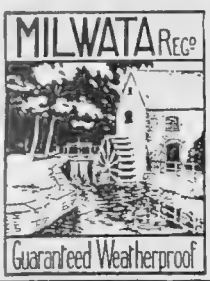
CARRERAS LTD. (Reg. 87502), LONDON

"MILWATA" REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

"AERIAL"

The famous "MILWATA" Coat made with a VENTILATED YOKE WHICH GIVES A FREE CURRENT OF AIR AND PREVENTS CONDENSATION

Tailor-made in all the leading shades. It is the smartest Waterproof on the Market in reliable Indiana, and is retailed by leading Outfitters in every town for Men and Women at 21/-



Wholesale only

H. E. MILLS, Ltd.,
"Milwata" House, 18, Wells Street, London, W.1

Telephone No: Museum 1326 (2 lines)

Owing to many inferior imitations of this coat on the Market, insist on seeing the "MILWATA" trade mark on the ticket

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods. That not only restores the colour but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request. Write to:—

FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 84)
66 Victoria Street,
Westminster, London, S.W.1

The only method endorsed by the Press

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

ITALY.

Baveno–(Lago Maggiore)–Hotel Bellevue.–The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

Colle Isarco (3281 ft.).—Dolomites.—Hotel Gudrun.—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois).—On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension S. Fr. 13, upwards.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne - Palace - Beau - Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. R'ms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake. Baths free for guests. Pk., Ten., Gar.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from 6 Frs. 1st class. Pension from 14.50 Frs. Always open.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Lucerne. — Hotel Schweizerhof. — Every Comfort. Personal Attention. Golf, 18 holes. O. Hauser, Proprietor.

Montreux.–Hotel Continental.–On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. An Ideal Home in a charm. pos. Park. Gar. New rates. (Prop., W. Deig).

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Wengen.–Palace Hotel.–The best of the best. Tennis, Bathing, Mountaineering. Dancing. Incl. terms from Frs. 16. Fritz. Borter, Prop.

Zermatt (5315 ft.).—The 8 Hotels Seiler.—1000 beds. Full pension rate from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich - Dolder. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — 1900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

Summer Sale of Furs

Choose Now!

It will pay you

A magnificent new collection of smart Fur Coats and Shoulder Capes ready for the coming Autumn and Winter seasons is now being offered at specially reduced Sale Prices. Every garment is produced from carefully selected skins that can be relied upon to give perfect satisfaction. Come and see them.

Inexpensive shoulder Cape in Natural Canadian Silver Fox
as illustrated
SPECIAL SALE PRICE
32 gns.
Smaller sizes 12½ gns. and 25 gns.

• Write for **SALE CATALOGUE.**

City Fur Store
64, ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.4.
MAKERS OF FINE FURS

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Barbara Worsley-Gough

Barbara Worsley-Gough, the novelist, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Worsley-Gough, of Binfield, Berks, is marrying James L. S. Hale, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hale, of Purley, Surrey, in September

Kay Vaughan

Ursula Cull

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. K. Cull, of Ash Green, Surrey, and is engaged to George Rothe Bellew, M.V.O., the Somerset Herald, son of the late Hon. Richard Bellew, and the Hon. Mrs. Bellew, of Stoke Row, Oxon

Bassano

Joan Paget

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Paget, of 10, Berkeley Street, W.1, and Sydney, Australia; she is engaged to Edward Alan Milne, only son of the late Edward Milne, and Mrs. E. Milne, of 52, Farquhar Road, Edgbaston, and late of Rochdale

Hay Wrightson

Nancy Barry

Is engaged to George Nigel Capel Cure, only son of Major and Mrs. Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, Ongar, Essex; she is the daughter of Mr. W. J. and Lady Grace Barry, of Witchingham Hall, Norwich, and a niece of Lord Dunmore

Peter Clark

Mrs. Digby Chamberlain

Was Sarah Gaunt before her marriage to Digby Chamberlain, the surgeon, at Guiseley Parish Church, Yorks. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Gaunt, of Hawkesworth Hall, Guiseley, Leeds, and her husband is the son of Mrs. Chamberlain, of Vernet-les-Bains, France

Bassano

Rosemary Cookson

Is marrying Lieut. Patrick Ryan, R.N., son of Mrs. E. W. Blackwood Ryan, of Harford, Ivybridge, on July 31st at Taunton; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cookson, of the Grange, North Curry, Taunton, and Victoria, British Columbia

Lenare

Elizabeth Benn

Is the elder daughter of Sir Ernest Benn, Bt., and Lady Benn, of Blunt House, Oxted, Surrey; her wedding to Paul Shinkman, of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Shinkman, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, takes place on July 30th at Tandridge, Surrey

Bassano

Katherine ffrench

Is engaged to Lieut. C. V. Banon, R.N., eldest son of the late C. Banon, of Broughall Castle, King's Co. She is the second daughter of Captain the Hon. John and Mrs. ffrench, of Castle ffrench, Galway, and niece of Lord ffrench

Yvonne Gregory

Rachel Henderson

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Henderson, of 55, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, and the Orchard House, Crastock, Surrey, and is to marry Roy F. P. M. Speer, son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Speer, of South Sheen, St. Leonard's-on-Sea

Anderson — Pawle

William Alexander Anderson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, of Sandwich, Kent, and Elizabeth Pawle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pawle, of Abbots Farm, Widford, Herts, were married at St. Andrew's, Much Hadham, Herts

Warner — Croft

John Weston Warner, son of the late S. W. Warner, and Mrs. M. C. C. Pinching, of Ardley House, Bicester, and Joan Croft, daughter of the late Guy Croft, and Mrs. Croft, of North Aston, Oxon, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Hole — Gosse

Lieut.-Com. Donald Maxwell Hole, R.A.N., son of the late Lincoln Hole, and Mrs. Hole, of Sydney, N.S.W., and Agnes Gosse, daughter of the late Major W. H. Gosse, R.F.A., and the late Mrs. Gosse, of Jugiong, N.S.W., were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Holman — Reynolds

Harry T. T. Holman and Margaret Reynolds had a St. Columba's, Pont Street, wedding; he is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Holman, of Crooked Meadow, Ashtead, Surrey, and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reynolds, of Southport, Lancs

Barbor — Hubback

Dr. Ronald C. Barbor, son of the late Charles Barbor, of Dublin, and Mrs. G. L. West, of Gogar, Stirling, and Yvonne Voules Hubback, only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. A. B. Hubback, of 20, Lancaster Road, Wimbledon Common, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Marsham — Style

Anthony Morris Marsham and Camilla Style were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the younger son of R. A. Morris Marsham, and the late Mrs. Marsham, of Birling Ashes, West Malling, Kent, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Style, of 46, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7

Pryor — Milne-Home

John M. Pryor, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. M. Pryor, of Lannock Manor, Hitchin, and Anne Mary Milne-Home, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel D. W. Milne-Home, of Wedderburn, Paxton House, Berwick-on-Tweed, and Mrs. Milne-Home, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road

Burrowes — Friend

Terence Burrowes, R. E., son of Lieut.-Colonel Alec Burrowes, of the Castle, Tynemouth, Northumberland, and Mrs. Ernestine Burrowes, and Denice Friend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Friend, of Wellington, N.Z., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week

Lucas — Simmons

Another of last week's weddings was at St. George's, Hanover Square, between Edward H. W. Lucas, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Lucas, of 49, Linden Gardens, W.2, and Doris Simmons, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Simmons, of 43, Orchard Court, Portman Square

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

COURT NEWS

ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: Buckingham Palace, July 25th.

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.45.

COMUS.—Milton's masque in a double programme with Ben Jonson's CHLORIDIA: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GRIEF GOES OVER.—A fine performance by Sybil Thorndike; the people are real and convincing; the story is a little under weight: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Maisie Darrell, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—A. R. Rawlinson's play from the Embassy Theatre, with Marie Ney, Eric Portman, Frederick Leister: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense; Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Arthur Riscoe's sombre fooling is irresistible; Irene Palasty is attractive and amusing; it 's a lively, amusing show: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE LAUGHS—!—Renee Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

REVUDEVILLE No. 62.—Edna Thompson, Doris Barry, Hugh Rene, Ken Douglas, Ken Blain, Cedric Miller, Eddie Kelland, and Windmill Girls, in topical sketches, amusing song-and-dance numbers, and attractive "Dickens" ballet, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes: Windmill, 1.30—11.30 non-stop.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Greer Garson are in it too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BABOONA.—The Martin Johnsons' jungle-life film, with baboons as the stars: Polytechnic.

BARCAROLE.—An attractive French film with a Venetian setting and an Offenbach atmosphere; the two French stars act brilliantly: Curzon.

BECKY SHARP.—The new technicolour film, with Miriam Hopkins as Becky, and Cedric Hardwicke in the strong cast; the lighting and colour-design are well worth seeing: New Gallery.

BULLDOG JACK.—Jack Hulbert as a deputy Bulldog Drummond, with Ralph Richardson as his gangster enemy, and Fay Wray as the girl-friend: Tivoli.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.—A film version of Jack London's story, with Clark Gable, Loretta Young, and Jack Oakie: London Pavilion.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss puts on the robes of yet another big man of history: Leicester Square.

LIVING ON VELVET.—Kay Francis and Warren William are co-starred. And there 's A NIGHT AT THE RITZ, with Patricia Ellis and Allan Jenkyn: Regal.

PARIS LOVE SONG.—An attractive new musical, with Mary Ellis as a cabaret singer, Tullio Carminati as a count, Ida Lupino as a Paris jeune fille: Carlton.

PRIVATE WORLDS.—Phyllis Bottome's novel filmed, with Claudette Colbert as the woman doctor, Joel McCrea as her colleague, Charles Boyer as the rival: Plaza.

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1.—Chester Morris and Lionel Barrymore are in this. In the same programme is VAGABOND LADY, with Robert Young and Evelyn Venable: Empire.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Russia of 1860, filmed by a Soviet company, based on two Dostoievski stories; the hero is a young violinist, and there 's some good music; and LAC AUX DAMES, with Simone Simon: Academy.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.—Jack Holt, Mona Barrie, and Jackie Searle are the stars of this film about horse-racing and superstitions. Also CARNIVAL NIGHTS, with Jimmy Durante, Sally Eilers, Lee Tracy: Capitol.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

RUSSIAN ART.—Pictures, jewels, ikons, porcelain, ballet costumes, all of Imperial Russia: 1, Belgrave Square. Last week.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES.—Colonel de Basil's Company, and the L.P.O. to play for them, are at Covent Garden.

CONCURRENCE; PETROUCHKA; AURORA'S WEDDING: to-day, 2.30.

GRAND JUBILEE PERFORMANCE.—In aid of Russian Red Cross, etc.; special programme: to-night.

CARNAVAL; SCHEHEREZADE; LES CENT BAISERS: July 25th, 8.45.

CONCURRENCE; L'OISEAU DE FEU; BEAU DANUBE: July 26th, 8.45.

SCUOLA DI BALLO; BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE; UNION PACIFIC: July 27th, 2.30.

COTILLON; SCHEHERAZADE; AURORA'S WEDDING: July 27th, 8.45.

BALLETS RUSSES DE PARIS.—Last week of their two-weeks' season, with Woizikowski as the leading dancer: Daly's, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, where day or evening clothes go well: cabaret at midnight.

CARLTON.—Dwight Fiske, the New York cabaret wit, is a superb entertainer; Howard Jacobs' band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies have the Three Sailors, Diana Ward, and some *Stop Press* stars as specialities; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—"Les Girls" from Monte Carlo sing and dance and look nice, and there are other turns to amuse; Sydney Lipton's band plays: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—The newest restaurant has good food and a good band: day or evening clothes are accepted.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Excellent food, especially fish, and good wines; lunch, dinner, supper; no music.

PRUNIER'S.—Every kind of fish in this Paris-in-London restaurant; good wines by the glass; no music.

RITZ.—A café chantant evening, compèred by "Charlie," who sings charmingly; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Maurice Winnick's band plays; there 's no cabaret; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

SPORT

CRICKET:
ENGLAND V. SOUTH AFRICA (Fourth Test Match): Manchester, July 27th, 29th, 30th.

TENNIS:
DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND: Wimbledon, July 27th, 29th, 30th.

RACING:
GOODWOOD WEEK: Goodwood, from July 30th.

ATHLETICS:
GREAT BRITAIN V. FRANCE: White City, July 27th.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Collars Smart Men Favour

In those exclusively smart circles where 'correct wear' is almost a fetish, "VAN HEUSEN" Semi-Stiff Collars have long been accepted as an essential part of the wardrobe of well-dressed men.

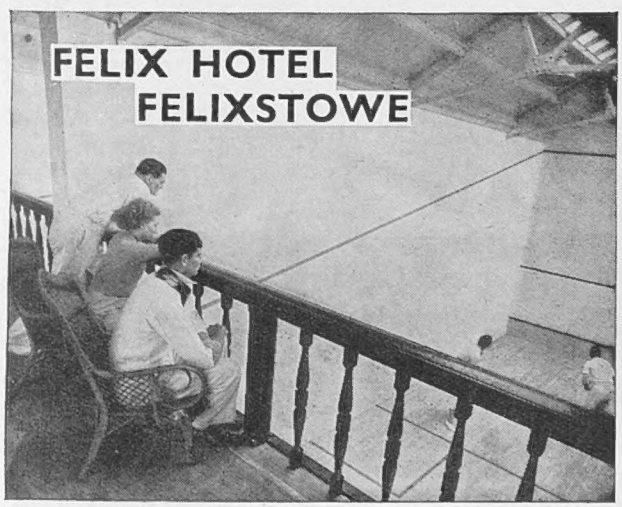
They are the only collars woven to the natural curve of the neck to give perfect fit, ease and comfort.

"VAN HEUSEN"

Reg'd Trade Mark

1/3 EACH Semi-Stiff COLLARS are obtainable in a wide range of styles in White and Striped designs from all leading Outfitters.

HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,
King's House, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

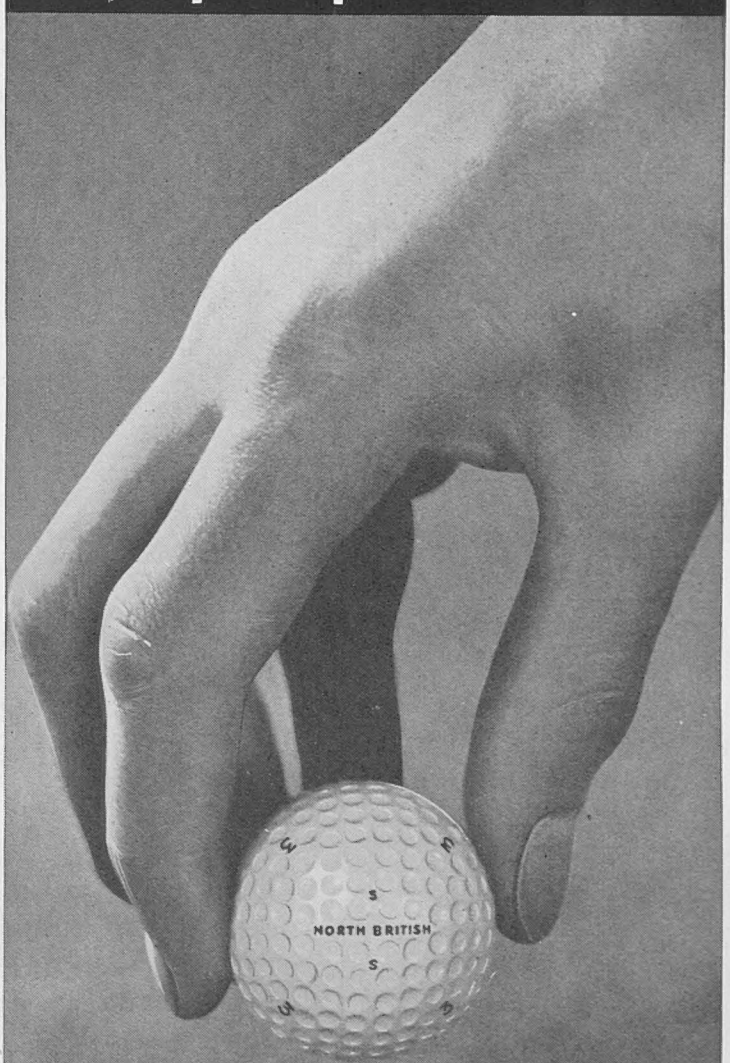


This hotel has recently built two absolutely perfect squash courts; with a Vita glass spectators' gallery running the length of both—and the sea at the bottom of the garden. Star performers praise them; and novices here learn to play this fit-making game under the best conditions. A hard game of squash : a bathe : an excellent lunch : a "lie-off" on a sunny lawn thereafter. Could anything be better than this Felixity?

For illustrated Souvenir and Tariff 101 write to Resident Manager, or to Hotels Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London E.C.2

Telephone: FELIXSTOWE 221 Telegrams : FELIX HOTEL, FELIXSTOWE

Put down a NORTH BRITISH and put up a RECORD!



SS
SPECIAL SCRATCH
for expert Golfers

The North British SS conceals an amazing reserve of power which means extra distance for the 'scratch' or low handicap player. 'The Choice of Champions' throughout the world

TT
TOUGH & TRUE
for *all* Players

The North British TT is a thick-cover ball which stands up to topping or slicing. Very steady, and easily controlled with the iron clubs . . . will live up to its title, 'Tough and True'

RECESS OR LATTICE **2/-**

FROM YOUR PROFESSIONAL

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO LTD

SMEE'S

Est. 1907. 'Phone: Mayfair 1543

SPECIAL HOLIDAY COSTUME or COAT

5½ gns.

in uncrushable Linen, Tweeds, Flannels, etc.

Same workmanship and attention, Mr. Smee cutting and fitting each garment.

ASTRIDE COAT AND BREECHES

£9.9.0

If not able to call, send for my S M. form with patterns. Special dept. Every attention.

Only Address:

55, SOUTH MOLTON ST., W.1.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE BYSTANDER

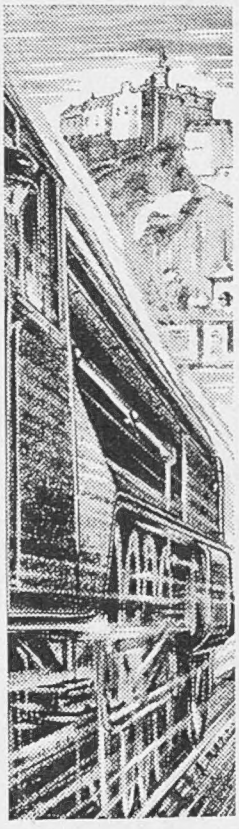
when replying to their announcements.

SCOTLAND FIRST STOP

The Royal Scot

On the stroke of 10 o'clock this famous train leaves Euston each week-day, performing the non-stop run to Glasgow in 7 hours 40 minutes; a luxurious train which offers every amenity in comfort and service.

The Royal Scot takes the West Coast Route, climbing through the mountains of the English Lake District, over Shap and Beattock summits—each a steep incline rising to a thousand feet—yet so smooth is the track and so comfortable the coaches that passengers enjoying scenery of unsurpassed beauty are unaware of the change in gradient.



The Flying Scotsman

Also every week-day morning on the stroke of ten o'clock "The Flying Scotsman" pulls out of King's Cross on its record non-stop run of 393 miles to Edinburgh by the East Coast Route. This journey is accomplished with facility and smooth efficiency, and is combined with luxury cuisine and superb staff-service. Amongst the amenities—comparable to a luxury hotel—are a buffet, a salon de coiffeur, a Louis XVI restaurant and a ladies' retiring room

With a return ticket to Scotland, you have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland Routes, with break of journey at any station. Ask at any LMS or L·N·E·R Station or Office for details of Penny-a-mile Monthly Return Tickets (First Class now only 1½d. a mile), Tourist Tickets and Circular Tours.

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RLY. ● LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RLY.

ACHES, PAINS STIFFNESS RUBBED AWAY

Stiff muscles are *poisoned* muscles. Local congestion prevents the blood from circulating freely and removing waste products. Hence the pain . . . hence the need for a good rub with Volatol to draw blood to the part and carry away both poison and pain. You can feel its healing warmth doing you good.

Of all Chemists 2/-

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ETC.

Rub a little in... feel a lot better

VOLATOL

TAKES PAINS

CASH ADVANCED £30 to £5,000

WITHOUT SECURITY.

RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD., 4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1

WOODROW
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
LTD
By Appointment.

HATS FOR SCOTLAND

53B.—"The Lance." New Homburg shape in Woodrow's unspottable fur felt, **29/6**

This hat can be supplied in all sizes; in black, grey, brown, cedar, navy, cream, pale beige, or any shade to order.

Natural feather mounts, made by Ex-Service men, from **1/6**

Spotted crêpe de chine scarves, **8/6**, in a good range of colours.

Smart Scarf Pin, beautiful animal copy, **5/6**

Any dog or animal can be supplied.

A large selection of this type of hat in Woodrow's unspottable fur felt always in stock.

Catalogue on Application. *'Phone :* Regent **0189.**

A selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit.

AN INTERESTING STUDY

By the late CECIL ALDIN

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF THIS CLEVER STUDY

(printed in full colour)

ON THICK PARCHMENT PAPER

(all-over size 21" × 17"), actual size of Picture 15½" × 11" can now be obtained at **3/-** per copy, Post Free.

All orders, with remittance, to be sent to

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD.,

23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

The Classic

Tailor-made

... by Debenhams

Between-Season's prices until September 14th

Illustration *Tailored Suit in soft Tweed, cut with yoke and slight fullness in back, wide revers and velvet collar. Well-cut four-gored skirt.*

To order from 12½ *gns.*

Suits, Coats & Dress-making

To order from 8½ *gns.*

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1 (*Debenhams Ltd.*)

The terrace at the Summer Sporting Club

. . . The nights are soft as velvet. Leave the brilliant medley of the "Salles des Jeux" for a moment and go out on to the terrace: the mysterious throbbing of the band fills the summer air: the starlight dances for you on the water just below . . .

This is the Summer Sporting Club, where the timeless fascination of the tables, and that romantic enchantment which has made Monte Carlo immortal, are transposed to an incomparable summer setting.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect Summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurant, swimming pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far — a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

Monte Carlo Beach